The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* April *will be noticed in the* May *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th May *in the* June *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Oscar Wilde has written his autobiography, and we understand that it will be published in the close of the year.

Mr. George Meredith has given the editor of that very able and spirited magazine *Cosmopolis*, three new poems. We understand the price paid was a very large one.

We understand that Messrs. Bliss, Sands and Co. have secured for publication the Reminiscences of Dr. Robert Wallace, M.P. Dr. Wallace ought to have much to say. He was minister of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh, and for a time editor of the *Scotsman*. He is now a barrister and a prominent politician. He has seen much of life, and is master of a racy and vigorous style, and if he "lets himself go," as we understand that there is some likelihood that he will, his book will doubtless make a sensation.

Mrs. F. A. Steel's successful novel of the Indian Mutiny had great difficulty in finding an American publisher. It was declined by several of the most prominent houses on the ground that Mrs. Steel's books had had a very limited sale in America. The sagacious publisher, Mr. Heinemann, however, took care that it should be copyrighted, and it is now in its eighth edition.

We are glad to hear that Mr. S. S. M'Clure has much improved in health. He has gone with his family for a short stay in France. An announcement of great importance is that, along with Mr. M'Clure, Mr. F. N. Doubleday, formerly of Messrs. Scribner, will commence a business as publishers. The title of the firm is to be The Doubleday M'Clure Company, and we do not doubt that their work will be prosecuted with energy, and that they will take their place with the foremost American publishers. Mr. Doubleday will arrive immediately in this country to commence operations.

Mr. H. G. Wells is finishing a fantastic story dealing with the adventures of a man who discovers the secret of making himself invisible. It will appear in book form before the end of the year. Mr. Wells appears to have taken the fancy of the American public, and the publishers on that side of the Atlantic are taking a keen interest in his arrangements for future work.

Mrs. Barry Pain, whose first novel, "St. Eva," has just been published by Osgood, McIlvaine, has been writing tentatively for the last two or three years. Her first effort, a short story, was published in *Black and White*, under Mr. J. B. Pinker's editorship, and it was followed by a number of clever sketches and stories. Her novel was sent to the publishers under a pseudonym, and accepted by them in ignorance of the author's individuality.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has delivered to the editor of a well-known American magazine the manuscript of a new short story entitled "Number 007."

Mr. H. Rider Haggard has completed the manuscript of a new novel dealing with Boer life, to which he has given the title of "The Swallow."

We understand that there is to be a memoir of Coventry Patmore, and that the work of writing it has been committed to one of his oldest friends.

The great success of Mr. Harold Frederic's novel, "Illumination," has led to the publication of a new edition of his novels by Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Frederic says in his preface that though the subjects of the novels are American, they were written in England. He also says that he prefers his short stories to his longer, and that of the writers whose books affected his earliest years he thinks that Erckmann-Chatrian exercised the deepest and most vital influence.

Mr. George Gissing has been ordered to the South of England for the benefit of his health. He will make a stay of some length in Devonshire.

We understand that there is every probability that, as soon as Mr. Louis N. Parker returns from America, he will begin to collect his plays with a view to publication. It is, we believe, his intention to issue them some three or four in a volume, not separately, as has been the general rule with dramatists. It is also rumoured that Mr. Parker has somewhat revolutionary ideas upon the subject of stage-directions, and that, when his plays are published, they will be found to be arranged in a more readable form than is commonly the case. The first volume will perhaps contain "Gudgeons," "David," and "The Blue Boar"; but the contents of none of the volumes are as yet definitely settled.

We hear that Messrs. Harper and Bros. have secured the American rights of the forthcoming Life of the late Lord Tennyson. This announcement will be received with great interest by the entire publishing world, English and American.

Dr. George Macdonald's new novel, "Salted with Fire," will be published some time towards the end of the month, in this country by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, who, our readers will remember, have some of this author's best

work on their list, and in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The great American firm of D. Appleton and Co. is to be formed into a limited company, with a capital of two million dollars.

"The Pamphlet Library," which Mr. Arthur Waugh is to edit for Messrs. Kegan Paul, will start some time during the month of April with the volume of Political Pamphlets selected and annotated by Mr. A. F. Pollard. There will be thirteen pamphlets in this first volume, including Sexby's "Killing No Murder," Arbuthnot's "Art of Political Lying," Steele's "Crisis," one of Swift's "Drapier's Letters," some letters of Junius, and two pamphlets by Burke. Perhaps the most interesting tractate from a present standpoint, however, will be Halifax's little-known "Draft of a New Model at Sea," which is full of pregnant advice, much of which is still seasonable at the Admiralty. Mr. Pollard, the editor, is a young graduate of Oxford, who distinguished himself during his University career by a first class in History, and also by carrying off the Lothian prize for an historical essay.

Mr. Allen Upward's long-expected novel in verse is now ready for press. It is comparatively a long book, much of it being written in rhyme. This interesting experiment will be watched with interest. A rhymed scene in a criminal court is novel enough to invite notice quite regardless of the quality of the poetry. It will, we understand, be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Benjamin Swift has nearly finished a new novel.

Mr. Hornung's new novel, dealing largely with London life, is to be ready very shortly. Mr. Hornung contemplates another Australian story on the lines of his earlier work, and will be busy upon it during the summer.

Mr. Crockett, who has not been in very good health, has gone for a walking tour in Pomerania, where the scene of his next novel, "The Red Axe," is to be laid.

Mr. A. B. W. Walkley has written an exceedingly scholarly and attractive preface to the volume of Maeterlinck essays which Mr. George Allen is about to publish. Mr. Walkley is a whole-hearted disciple of the Belgian poet, and he writes with an appreciation and a knowledge which add considerable charm to this exceedingly interesting book.

We understand that Messrs. Cassell and Co. will publish next month "My Life in Christ, or Moments of Spiritual Serenity and Contemplation, of Reverent Feeling, of Earnest Self-Amendment, and of Peace in God," being extracts from the diary of the Most Reverend John Ilitch Sergieff ("Father John"), of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Cronstadt, Russia, translated with the author's sanction from the second and supplemented edition by E. E. Goulaeff, St. Petersburg.

Colonel Baden-Powell has written a narrative of his military operations in Matabeleland, which has been acquired by Messrs. Methuen. It is said to be in the form of a diary, and to include sketches by the author.

Mr. Clark Russell's novel "The Last Entry," purchased last year by Mr. McClure, will shortly be published here. This is a breezy story in Mr. Russell's best vein. It gives an excellent picture of yachting life in the year 1837, and deals with a mutiny in a way that is altogether as fresh as it is interesting.

Mr. Edward Arnold has two volumes in the press by Professor Karl Pearson, the author of "The Ethic of Free Thought," which comprise his best work during the last five years. The volumes contain several scientific essays of the highest value, dealing with chance in various aspects, from the chances of death to games of chance.

Miss K. Douglas King, whose first novel, "The Scripture Reader of St. Mark's," attracted a great deal of favourable notice from critics and the general public, has finished a new story, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Mr. Barry Pain is engaged on a romantic history of Robin Hood, which is to be illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane.

That the literary agent, who knows his business, does not in any way embitter the relations between author and publisher, is amply proved by a letter recently received by Mr. A. P. Watt from his friend and client Mr. Rolf Boldrewood. Mr. Boldrewood writes from Melbourne:

"Since you have kindly acted for me in the disposal of my copyrights, I have been relieved of any trouble and anxiety which might have arisen between author and publisher ten thousand miles apart. At the same time the cordial relations which in my case have always subsisted between the Messrs. Macmillan and myself have been maintained. I have every reason to be satisfied with your management of my literary affairs, and make a point of advising any aspirant of promise here to place himself or herself unreservedly in your hands."

Mr. Watt has issued a new edition of his letters from authors in a very elegant form. They are full of significant testimonies to the good work he has done as a literary agent, both from authors and publishers. It will be remembered that Mr. Watt practically invented this profession. He was some twenty years ago engaged with Mr. Strahan, then almost at the head of the publishing trade, as the reader of manuscripts. Mr. Strahan did not maintain his position, and his shrewd and able coadjutor cast about for another field of labour. As a matter of friendship he disposed of a story by Dr. George Macdonald, and in this way the idea of a literary agency occurred to him. Since that time he has advanced by sure and rapid steps until a very large part of the publishing business is done through his hands. Mr. Watt has a thorough knowledge of the literary world, and of the publishing trade in all its branches. He has many of the leading authors on his books, and business naturally gravitates to him. It might be said, if it were necessary, that he is a man of much foresight, perseverance, and courage. Firm, yet invariably quiet and courageous, he is not daunted by rebuffs, and as he looks back on his career he must see in it a succession of unquestionable triumphs such as few men could have had the wit and strength to accomplish.

The first result of the literary agent's work has been a general rise in the prices paid to authors. No living author receives or, it may be added, deserves the prices paid to Charles Dickens, but really popular novelists in these days, and with the American copyright, must be considered to do very well. Counting serial rights, a novel by one of the foremost of living novelists is worth in the end of the day £10,000, in addition to which there are the chances from dramatic representation. In dealing with American publishers and editors, and also in colonial transactions, the literary agent is of special use, so much so that we should

not advise any author with a vogue outside Britain to make his own arrangements. The chief danger of the literary agent is that he should run the prices too high. Certain publishers, for the sake of a little reputation, will produce the works of some popular authors even at a loss to themselves. The literary agent cannot retain his position unless he considers the interests of editors and publishers as well as those of his authors, and the testimonies published in Mr. Watt's book from such firms as Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. are very satisfactory reading, while amongst the newspaper proprietors and editors who figure in the list are such men as Sir William Ingram and Sir George Newnes.

Both Messrs. Cassell and Co. and Messrs. Harmsworth are catering for this year of jubilee. Messrs. Cassell's work is to be "The Queen's Empire." Mr. Harmsworth calls his "Sixty Years Ago." And both attempt to show the progress of the Empire during the past sixty years.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti has written an introduction to a volume of poems by the late John Lucas Tupper.

Miss Beatrice Harraden, whose health has somewhat improved, is preparing a volume of Christmas stories. They will be published by Messrs. Blackwood.

Mr. Theodore Tilton is bringing out a complete edition of his poetical works at the Oxford University Press. Mr. Tilton's name was once familiar to the American public in connection with that of Mr. Ward Beecher.

The Rev. Joseph Hocking, the author of several popular stories, has removed from Burnley to London.

The little book which Mr. Heinemann has published under the title "Beauty and Art" represents the study almost of a lifetime. It is written by Mr. Aldam Heaton, and dedicated appropriately to the Rev. Henry Cary Shuttleworth, M.A., "who has the keenest appreciation of Beauty—in Art—in Nature—and in Life." Mr. Heaton's purpose in publishing this interesting work is to treat fully of evolution in art, especially in those minor arts where the stages of evolution are not to be discerned so readily.

Mr. Charles Kennett Burrow, whose "The Way of the Wind" has just been published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., will be remembered as the author of that clever book, "Asteck's Madonna." Mr. Burrow is a very young man, and the high promise of his work has won already a recognition which should encourage him. He has wit and style, and there is an individuality in his new book which speaks of very singular gifts.

"A Devotee," a novel by Miss Cholmondeley, the author of "Diana Tempest," is in the press. The publisher is Mr. Edward Arnold.

Mr. William Le Queux is living in Nice, where he is writing a new story, the scenes of which are laid in Monte Carlo. A new edition, the fourteenth, of this writer's "Great War in England in 1897" is about to be issued by Messrs. F. V. White and Co.

Mr. Max Pemberton is one of the younger writers who is likely, at no distant date, to take a front place amongst English writers of fiction. His work is in great demand, and we are glad to hear that his new serial story has already been secured on terms very favourable to him, by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson. The story will also appear serially both in Australia and in America.

We understand that the articles by Mr. Clark Russell on Lord Nelson, now coming out in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, will be published by Mr. James Bowden.

Mr. George Manville Fenn has ready a new novel, entitled "High Play."

The libraries in America are beginning to exclude the *Journal* and the *World* of New York from their reading-rooms. Many of them have already done so, and the movement is spreading. Several of the New York clubs, including the Century, have done the same. A well-informed American correspondent writes us that the large profits formerly made by the *World* have been greatly diminished by the competition of the *Journal*.

Miss Mary Angela Dickens has written a new book, which is to be entitled "Unconventional Sketches."

When Mr. Le Gallienne published his book, "The Quest of the Golden Girl," he was unaware that a book bearing the title "The Quest of the Golden Pearl" was already in existence. It was written by Mr. J. R. Hutchinson, who was a brother of Mr. George Hutchinson, the well-known artist.

Miss Isa Duffus Hardy has written a novel, entitled "The Price of his Silence."

Mr. Bowden will issue a new novel by E. Phipps Train, entitled "A Queen of Hearts." It professes to be the life-story of a famous *danseuse* and singer. The authoress is an American lady, who has published some books in the United States, but is new to the English public.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish shortly Mr. John Stafford's first novel. This is altogether a more ambitious effort than his "Doris and I"—the collection of short stories published last year. Mr. Stafford has come on very much since his early effort, and "Carlton Priors" should do much for his reputation.

Mr. Francis Gribble has ready a new novel, entitled "Only an Angel."

Mr. J. A. Barry, the author of "Steve Brown's Bunyip" and "In the Great Deep," has just completed the manuscript of a new novel, "The Luck of the Native Born." We are looking forward to the appearance of this book with considerable interest, as we are amongst those who very much admire Mr. Barry's short stories, and think that they have as yet scarcely received justice either at the hands of English editors or the English reading public. We have always understood that Mr. Rudyard Kipling had a very high opinion of Mr. Barry's work, and it will be remembered that "Steve Brown's Bunyip" contains some introductory lines from his pen.

Mr. J. Bloundelle Burton's new serial story, "Across the Salt Seas," now appearing in the *Army and Navy Illustrated*, will be published in book form in the spring of next year. Messrs. Methuen and Co. are the publishers.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will issue, about the middle of the month, a new six-shilling volume of stories from the pen of Mr. Louis Becke.

Mr. W. M. Fullerton, who is a member of the *Times* staff in Paris, has ready a historical novel on the Druse nation in Syria. The novel culminates in the "Young Turkey" movement of to-day.

Mr. Thomas Kidd's novel, "The Mystery of St. Dunstan's," which has been running recently in the *News of the World*, will be published in book form shortly by Mr. James Bowden.

The new social and artistic club for men and women, started under the name of "The Argonauts," at 160, Bond Street, has amongst its members Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Justin McCarthy, "John Oliver Hobbes," Miss Florence Marryat, Dr. Moncure Conway, Mr. Hornung, Mr. Crockett, Dr. Doyle, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. Oswald Craufurd, Mr. W. H. Wilkins, and Mr. Rudolf Lehmann.

Miss Lily Dougall has collected a number of short stories which she has from time to time published in various periodicals. These will be published at an early date in the usual six-shilling volume by Messrs. A. and C. Black. The title of the volume will be "A Dozen Ways of Love."

The dramatised version of "Under the Red Robe" continues to draw full houses both here and in New York. We hear that last week's returns from New York are the largest which the authors have yet received. At this rate the play bids fair to run well on to the end of the season.

The American publishers of Mr. Anthony Hope's "Phroso" anticipate that during the year it will have a sale greater than any other book published last year in the United States. The number of copies subscribed before the book was published was well over twenty thousand.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

FEBRUARY 22ND TO MARCH 20TH, 1897.

In spite of the commencement of the Lenten Season, which formerly put a check upon lighter reading, there has this year been a fair trade doing in all branches. If this is any guide this Church season does not appear to be so generally observed as formerly. Trade in the foreign and colonial departments has continued steady, there being a fair demand for all classes of literature.

The 6s. novel is as popular as ever. Each week brings considerable additions to this class. The leading publication in this form is "On the Face of the Waters," followed closely by "The Sign of the Cross." Large numbers of "Ziska" also have been sold.

The much-regretted death of Professor Drummond has directed attention to his works, especially "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

As might be expected, with the experience of the Jubilee Year as a guide, the present year will see a larger number than ever of books giving an account of the Queen's life and reign. Mr. Holmes' "Queen Victoria" is, of course, the leading work, and a publishers' voucher for a copy of the Japanese paper edition is advertised for sale by auction. This is unique, as the book will not be ready for about a couple of months or so.

Less interest appears to be taken in South African affairs, to judge by the decreasing enquiries for literature bearing upon the subject. The Cretan question seems to have put the former in the shade.

Dr. Nansen's account of his Arctic journey has been required in such numbers that it has been, at times, impossible to meet the demand. Mr. Bain's "Reminiscences" of the famous traveller has also sold well. Books on outdoor pursuits, especially on Gardening, are now to the front. It is a little early for Handbooks on Butterflies, Birds, and Wild Flowers, but they will no doubt be heard of in a few weeks.

There is little change to report in the Magazine world. The old favourites still retain their hold on the public. The only notable feature is the ever-increasing output of Fashion periodicals.

Canon Gore's "Sermon on the Mount" is being sold very freely.

The issue of new books and new editions continues unabated. About 400 have appeared during the past month; on one occasion thirty were issued in one day. There is no sign of abatement in this direction. Stocking a bookseller's shop has become a more difficult matter than ever, owing to the enormous selection of publications now available.

The list appended includes the most popular books of the moment.

Farthest North. By Dr. Nansen. 2 vols. 42s. net.
Dr. Nansen. By J. A. Bain. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. 5s.
Secrets of the Courts of Europe. By A. Upward. 6s.
Trooper Peter Halket. By O. Schreiner. 6s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
Lads' Love. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Flames. By R. Hichens. 6s.
Drummond's (Professor) Works.
Lovice. By Mrs. Hungerford. 6s.
Man of Straw. By E. Pugh. 6s.
The Well-Beloved. By T. Hardy. 6s.
The Babe, B.A. By E. F. Benson. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
Phroso. By A. Hope. 6s.
Sandar's Encyclopædia of Gardening. 2s. 6d.
Story of an African Crisis. By E. Garrett. 3s. 6d.
Manners for Men. By Mrs. Humphry. 1s.
Whitaker's Directory of Titled Persons. 2s. 6d.
Pioneers of Evolution. By E. Clodd. 5s. net.
The Sermon on the Mount. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d.
A Pinchbeck Goddess. By Mrs. J. M. Fleming. 3s. 6d.
An Anxious Moment. By Mrs. Hungerford. 3s. 6d.
Guesses at the Riddle of Existence. By Goldwin Smith. 6s.
Hilda Strafford, etc. By B. Harraden. 3s. 6d.
Forty-one Years in India. By Col. Roberts. 2 vols. 36s.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Feb. 27, 1897.—A moderate week for the season in the home trade. Slight improvement in export and foreign orders.
Mar. 6, ,, —Home trade unchanged. Colonial and foreign orders well sustained.
,, 13, ,, —A better week at the commencement, ending about as last. Foreign and colonial departments not quite so busy.
,, 20, ,, —Business much quieter in the Home departments, as is usual at this season. Foreign and colonial trade as last week.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

TWO cases of literary interest have recently been decided in the Paris law courts. On the 10th of this month the judges of the First Chamber gave judgment in the suit brought by the heirs of the late Dr. Dolbeau, army surgeon, against M. Lissagaray, author of the *Histoire de la Commune* and the publishers of that work. The Dolbeau family applied for a perpetual injunction against the defendants restraining them from selling any copies of the history containing a passage in which the author related that on a certain occasion during the Commune Dr. Dolbeau gave up to the Versaillese troops a wounded Communard, who was amongst the patients in the hospital under his care. The plaintiffs described this story as having no foundation in fact, and were able to satisfy the court to this effect, judgment being given in their favour. "In view of the solidarity," so runs the judgment, "which in the minds of the public unites them with him (Dr. Dolbeau) whose name they bear," the error committed by the author is considered as of a character to bring upon Dr. Dolbeau's children "disfavour prejudicial to their interests." A perpetual injunction was granted against the defendants, restraining them from selling any further copies of the book containing the incriminated passage, under a penalty of ten francs for every such copy sold. A franc damages was awarded to the plaintiffs, who were also authorised by the court to publish the text of the judgment in five newspapers at the cost of the defendants. I may remark that when a suitor only demands nominal damages the sum of one franc, or tenpence, is asked for. It is the lowest sum that can be awarded as damages, corresponding to our farthing, and the demand for it implies that the suitor does not wish to make money, but to establish that he has suffered injury. I have heard it asked for against a murderer by the family of his victim, suing *en partie civile*, and following on the terrible sentence of death pronounced on that occasion came a judgment condemning the convict to pay tenpence damages to the family of the man he had murdered. The anti-climax of the pronouncement so tickled the wretched murderer that he burst out laughing, and began to feel in his pocket as though to produce the mulct.

This case exemplifies the radical difference between the law in France and in England. It is a principle of English law that a dead man cannot be libelled, and I do not know what remedy a British subject would have against a historian who might represent his father in an unfavourable manner. In France the honour of a man's name is held his most sacred possession, and the principle upon which the above-cited judgment was based would influence a French judge in cases where the injury to the plaintiff might be considered nugatory. A man might object to the publication of anything defamatory concerning his remotest ancestor, if synonymous. Imagine an action being brought in England by the heirs of Judge Jeffreys against the publishers of Lord Macaulay's "History of England." Such action would be quite admissible in France.

In the second case, which was of somewhat analogous nature, the defendant, Paul Mariéton, author, won the day. Mariéton was the author of the *Histoire d'Amour*, in which the George Sand scandal was ventilated. He was sued by Madame Maurice Sand and the publisher, Calmann Lévy, and an injunction was applied for to restrain him from publishing certain letters of George Sand's. Judgment was given in his favour, "the author not having exceeded his rights as psychologist and critic," and the Court being further satisfied that his book had inflicted no damage, either material or moral on the plaintiffs. I cannot say that I agree with the Court. I should have been pleased, on grounds of literary dignity as well as of social policy, if this *Histoire d'Amour* had been injuncted, and this, in spite of the fact that I have personally much liking for Paul Mariéton and admire his poetry—he is a Félibre—very much indeed. These being my sentiments, I am glad to hear that in another court Madame Maurice Sand and Madame Lardin de Musset won their case in the appeal against an injunction which they had obtained against M. Mongerolles, author of a play called *Une Nuit de Venise* and the *Société du Théâtre Mondain*, on whose stage this play was to have been performed. The play dealt with the impugned friendship of George Sand and Alfred de Musset.

A short novel by Alphonse Daudet, who, his English friends and admirers will be glad to hear, is in much better health and full of work, is going to be serialised in an English newspaper. Charpentier is the publisher. This is not the story which we wrote together. It deals with that picturesque part of France, la Camargue, and is, as Daudet tells me, *amoureux et fièvreux*.

The growing interest which is taken in Paris in that branch of pictorial art, the designing of posters, is shown by the fact that a new magazine has recently been started here—the first number appeared on March 10th, under the title, "L'Estampe et l'Affiche," very luxuriously printed. It deals largely with the poster, and numbers amongst its artistic contributors such men as Cheret, Willette, Grasset, and Steinlen. "Our programme is a simple one," writes M. André Mellerio, the editor, "to propagate the taste for the print and the poster, by publishing everything bearing upon it." I shall be interested to see whether the editor can devise a means whereby artists of real merit can engage in poster work, where a free hand is not allowed them by their patrons, without any sacrifice of their dignity. The difficulty with which many artists in posters have to contend is that the commercial gentlemen who order these designs for the advertisement of their wares, insist on having their conceptions executed, a stipulation against which the artists rebel. One of the ablest designers living is to my knowledge in the greatest necessity, because he will only treat a subject "as he sees it." Perhaps "L'Estampe et l'Affiche" will be able to convince patrons that the artist knows better than they what they want, but I doubt it.

By an arrangement recently entered upon between the manager of the principal literary paper in Paris and its large staff of contributors, no articles or poems published in that paper can be reprinted in any other newspaper until the articles or poems have been republished in book-form, and only then—the author's fees having been paid to the Société des Gens de Lettres—on condition that both the name of the publisher and the title of the book be mentioned. The object of this agreement is to protect publishers, whose sale of volumes of republished articles might be injured, by subse-

quent republication in other papers—as from the newspaper in which the articles originally appeared—of the contents of these books.

Over £47,000 has been realised by the first three sales of the Goncourt collection. The Japanese prints and *objets d'art* sold badly.

Le Journal is publishing, *en feuilleton*, the "Memoirs of Monsieur Goron," who was for some years head of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Paris Police. These memoirs are exceedingly interesting, to all those who delight in records of the duello between law and crime. They are full of anecdotes, and describe the habits and practices of the varieties of scoundrels who infest Paris. M. Goron writes well and entertainingly, and his story promises to be as popular as were the "Memoirs of M. Claude," another Chef de la Sureté, which, however, were more fiction than fact. Everybody who knew Goron as Chef de la Sureté will wish him every success, and those of us who were newspaper correspondents during his tenure of office have special reasons for doing so. He was most courteous and helpful to journalists, who elsewhere in the Prefecture were none too well received. I had frequently to apply to him for information and, busy as he was, he was always to be seen and found ready to speak. His departure from la Sureté was much regretted.

I see that out of nine members of the Committee appointed by the Folkething of Denmark to report on the advisability of an adhesion to the Berne Convention, six are in favour of such a step. This is excellent news for English authors who till now have been mercilessly pirated by the Danish publishers. It will also be of great advantage to the Norwegian editors and publishers of translations of English works, who till now have had to compete with rivals—the Danish written language is almost identical with Norwegian—who had to pay nothing for their "copy."

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. EDWIN PUGH.

THE scenes of Mr. Pugh's stories are laid in London, and probably they will continue so to be; for though he comes of an old Welsh stock, all his life has been spent in London, which has been his best school, he considers. Born as late as 1874, he has already served a hard apprenticeship to life. But his hardships, now that success has come to him, he can afford to look back on as merely excellent training, better in his opinion than books and classes, of which his early opportunities were limited. He has earned his own living since he was a child of thirteen. After the toil of an iron factory, where for three months he worked fourteen hours a day, his health broke down; and, through the interest of friends, he procured a post in a City house. During the eight years of his life as a City clerk, his evenings, and his nights too, were spent in study and in writing. His first literary success, it may be said, was of much earlier date, for he had a story published and paid for when he was twelve years old. Three or four novels were written in his teens, during his scanty leisure. These were destroyed, but a considerable number of shorter stories and poems of the same period got printed in the penny weeklies.

The first work to bring him any recognition was a series of tales he wrote for the *Sun*, under Mr. T. P. O'Connor's editorship. In 1894 Mr. Pugh became acquainted with Madame Sarah Grand, and he says to her he owes much of his later success. She helped him with advice and encouragement, found a market for his stuff, and introduced him to her publisher, Mr. Heinemann, who has brought out his two books. The first of these, "A Street in Suburbia,"

Photographed by MR. EDWIN PUGH. *Reed, Harleiden.*

was written in a holiday fortnight, by the way. It was very kindly received, and Mr. Pugh has been able to give up his City work and devote his whole time to writing. "The Man of Straw" is the first work to which he has given his undivided energies. At present he is engaged upon another long novel, and the best of the short stories he has published in the London magazines during the last two or three years he hopes before long to collect and publish in book form.

Mr. Pugh declares himself to be an optimist, but one would not gather this from "The Man of Straw." It is a lurid story of the darker parts of London life and the uglier possibilities of human character. In contemplating the nameless depths of sin and shame into which John Coldershaw sank, the relief which we receive from the knowledge he is a maniac depresses our interest somewhat. About the heroine we find ourselves asking questions. Why did she—young, innocent, and a fool, no doubt, but refined—marry a man who always behaves like a cad of the flash order? About the minor characters, the good-hearted Sprunts, the devoted Polly Weed, we have no doubts; but the success of the book is Coldershaw's mother, a woman of a revolting religion and an unhappy temper, but likewise of a great love. Her terrible search for her son must recall a chapter in "The Return of the Native," and Mr. Pugh has not spoilt a tragic incident. We have not singled out the book

because of its perfection, but because of the strong feeling manifested in it, its careful workmanship, its sense of the picturesque in London life, and its general promise of power.

THE READER.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

THE attempt to estimate the value of the work done by any scientific writer is never easy, as there are two diverse elements which must be taken into account in such an estimation; these are, the permanent worth of the actual additions which he has made to the sum of human knowledge, and the influence which his writings and personal teaching have exercised in the moulding of popular thought on scientific subjects. Many a man whose researches have largely contributed to the advancement of science is not known by name outside a comparatively narrow circle of specialists; while some of those whose names are household words with the intelligent reading public, have contributed but little material of a kind which the historian of science can lay hold of in a categorical record of the progress of discovery. Yet it would be improper to assign a mere temporary value to that which so directly influences the spirit of the age; and which thereby reaches a far larger section of mankind than that to which the work of the specialist appeals.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

My personal acquaintance with the late Professor Drummond was slight, and our conversations when we met had reference to the evangelical rather than to the scientific side of the work in which he was engaged; I feel, therefore, some diffidence in speaking of his position as a man of science, and have formed my judgment from his three larger works, "Tropical Africa," "Natural Law," etc., and "The Ascent of Man."

Judged by the standard of the value of the research embodied in these works, the scientific results of his life-work are small. What he has done, however, shows that he was capable, if so minded, of carrying on original research. Here and there one meets with passages in his works, such as the essay on Termites in his "Tropical Africa," which show him to have been a thoughtful observer, who was able not only to note phenomena, but also to see their bearing on larger, biological and cosmical problems. Had his lot been cast in the field of laboratory work, I have no doubt he would have shown that he possessed most of the qualities requisite for success in original research. It is, I think, to be regretted that he did not give more time to such direct scientific work, which would have been the best discipline for an imagination which tended to over-exuberance, and would have restrained him from allowing his fancy to range further than the ascertained facts of science warranted.

In his writings Professor Drummond gives to the reader the impression that he was a man greater than the work which he has done, who is not to be measured only by the nature and amount of that work, but one from whom something greater might well have been expected than what he had actually achieved. His second book was, in my judgment, a great advance upon its predecessor, and I had hoped that it was but the precursor of some work of more permanent philosophical value, but it was not to be. His books attracted the public attention by their unique blending of the most thorough-going evolutionism with as thorough-going an evangelicalism, as well as by their fascinating literary style and their happy illustrations of the themes on which he wrote. In his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," he took a series of those co-ordinations of phenomena which are called laws in the unsystematic phraseology that does duty for philosophy in natural science, and used these to illustrate certain phases in the spiritual life of man, magnifying the resemblances, and treating them as analogies. The aptness of his comparisons and the attractiveness of his style concealed the intrinsic weakness of the thesis, and made the work interesting even to those who are unable to adopt the underlying hypothesis. In like manner he has treated the central idea in his later and more mature work, the evolution of an ethical altruism from the natural parental *storge*, in an equally attractive and elaborate fashion.

But the great work which Henry Drummond has done is not so much the treatment of the actual hypotheses set forth in his books, but he has made it easier for those within the Church to realise that a man may be an evolutionist and yet consistently hold fast his belief in Christianity, that his zeal and success in evangelistic work, especially among young men, may be really strengthened thereby. In a recent article he has been called the preacher of the Gospel of a wider, larger, and more joyful humanity, but his Gospel was the message of salvation through Christ, the same as that

preached by his friend Mr. Moody. In this respect his life and work serve as an object-lesson to that large fringe of mankind neither Christian nor scientific, who have been thrown out of sympathy with religion on account of their coming under the influence of the anti-Christian prejudice of many of the popular teachers of science. The hypotheses which he proposed in order to harmonise scientific and theological dogma will probably go the way of many a preceding eirenikon, but the spirit in which they have been set forth cannot fail to be productive of good, and the personal influence which he exerted has been far greater than that of his published works. He has been called by a writer in the *Academy* of last week "the greatest leader of young men the century has seen," and from what I have heard of his work among students, I believe this is scarcely the language of exaggeration. In this period of revolution, when traditional beliefs are being called in question and traditional interpretations discarded, when what seem to be the very foundations of faith are being assailed, when men who claim to speak in the name of science have stigmatised Christianity as being the great hindrance to the progress of science, we have need of such as he was; and he has done noble service for religion during his short life. We have had great scientific men, the greatest that the world has known, such as Newton, Adams, Faraday, Clark-Maxwell, and Stokes, who have been active and devoted Christians, but the branches of science in which they laboured did not bring them directly into collision with current anti-Christian opinions. Like these, though occupying a less conspicuous position, Drummond was Christian in his science and scientific in his Christianity; and although the actual original work he has done in science is small, and though his efforts towards the reconciliation of evolution with Christianity are but of transitory value, as we are far from finality in our knowledge either of Nature or of Theology, yet I believe that his influence for good will last as long as that of any other teacher of this generation. Alex. Macalister.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER ON THE SCIENCE OF MYTHOLOGY.*

Mr. MAX MÜLLER'S two long volumes are controversial. They contain his defence of Comparative Mythology on the Philological method, and the war is often carried into Africa, and other regions whence his adversaries, the anthropologists, draw their facts. He still does not understand why we reckon him as an "adversary." The reason is not personal, of course, and my efforts to supplant Mr. Max Müller's system are consistent with the most sincere respect for himself, his wide and original learning, his remarkably pellucid style, and his honourable industry. The rift in armour worthy of Achilles is Mr. Max Müller's logic. That seems indifferent. An adversary he must be considered, while he explains a vast mass of facts on one hypothesis, and we explain it on another. We cannot both be right.

The defect in Mr. Max Müller as a controversialist is, or one defect is, that he really does not understand what his opponents mean. Thus he keeps asking for a definition of Totemism—the sacred regard paid by "clans" all over the world to beasts, animals, and other *natural* objects, with which they claim blood-relationship. Mr. Max Müller then asks for a definition, but I do not observe that he ever refers to the definition originally given by Mr. MacLennan, to that of Mr. J. G. Frazer, in *Totemism*, and in *The Golden Bough*, or to my own in *Custom and Myth*, and in *Myth, Ritual and Religion*. An adversary should take all, or at least one of these definitions, and criticise that. He adds nothing to knowledge or accuracy, if he neglects them, and only asks for a definition of what has been defined. He might score a point by observing that Mr. Frazer speaks of "Individual Totems." (the sacred animal or other object selected by, or for, each individual of a tribe), while I would call these *manitons*, *ihlozi*, or by any other name sharply distinguishing them from the inherited, inevitable totem of a certain stock. Mr. Max Müller himself, and most properly, takes this distinction. But then he speaks of a boat which a certain tribe ignorantly worshipped, as their Totem, which is impossible by the definition, a Totem being a *natural* object.

Our author again, for at least the third time, renews his assault on the evidence for the facts used by anthropologists. But I do not find him once alluding to the defence of our evidence given, in a masterly way, by Mr. E. B. Tylor, in *Primitive Culture*. My own detailed reply to Mr. Max Müller's attempt to invalidate our evidence, and my series of cautions and *criteria*, remain equally unnoticed. It is easy to show that we receive much contending and even contradictory evidence, but in what field of human inquiry, historical or legal, or commercial or psychical, is this not the case? We therefore adopt various stringent tests, and suspend our judgment when we are uncertain. But I find no notice of all this in Mr. Max Müller's book. A reader might think that we greedily swallowed any yarn of a beach-comber, or confused theory of a missionary. This is very far from being the case. Mr. MacLennan even declined to use evidence collected *after* his own theories, being generally known, might have biassed observers. Ignorant, I must suppose, of all this, though all this has been explicitly stated by myself, and Mr. Tylor, and Mr. MacLennan, Mr. Max Müller keeps denouncing the anthropological craving for travellers' tales. Having to speak of Totems, he picks up an absurd theory, or an absurdly expressed theory of a Dr. Lippert, and tears that to shreds, instead of meeting the authoritative writers on the theme, such as Mr. Frazer.

Language has so possessed Mr. Max Müller's mind that, in one place, he writes as if savage customs could only be scientifically dealt with when savage dialects are as well known as Greek dialects. Now many of our facts, take the use of the "bull-roarer," and the practice of bedaubing the initiated neophytes in the Mysteries, are as well ascertained, by ocular observation, for Australia, Africa, America, as the same facts are known to have existed in Greece, by the evidence of Greek literature. Only eyesight was needed in the observer, though, as a fact, scores of observers speak and understand the savage dialects at least as well as Mr. Max Müller speaks Greek in the Doric dialect.

With all these and other objections to our evidence, what is the evidence preferred by Mr. Max Müller? Why,

* "Contributions to the Science of Mythology." By the Right Hon. Prof. Max Müller, K.M. (London: Longmans. 1897.)

etymologies of Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit mythical names, about which scholars are not agreed as to whether phonetic laws should, or should not, be strictly applied in the process of comparison and analysis. Thus Mr. Max Müller will find, in Feronia, a Sanskrit parallel, and a goddess of fire, while Mannhardt connects Feronia with *far* (spelt) and makes her a born goddess. This kind of evidence, these conjectures, often end, as Mannhardt confessed, in mere *jeux d'esprit*. Thus, in treating of Demeter Erings, Mannhardt gave a string of six or seven contradictory explanations, based on etymological guesses, and all explaining Demeter (Mannhardt's "born-mother") as Dawn, or Cloud, or some other celestial phenomenon. Every scholar had his etymology, his explanation, and they only agreed in looking about for meteorological phenomena. Mr. Max Müller's Dawn-Daphne, Mr. Max Müller's Dawn-Erings, Mannhardt entirely declined to accept. He decided that the whole philological method was, generally speaking, a failure, including his own early work of 1858. Yet Mr. Max Müller avers that Mannhardt, before his death, "returned to his old colours," Mr. Max Müller's colours. This opinion is based on letters of 1870. In 1877 Mannhardt stated his position clearly and plainly, in a preface to *Antike Feld und Wald-Kulte*. In his posthumous book, *Mythologische Forschungen* (1884), his adhesion to the Folk Lore, not the philological method, is even more distinct, if possible. True, he etymologised, when he had ended the Folk Lore part of his task, but, when he did etymologise, he still differed from Mr. Max Müller. And is this "returning to his old colours"?

Mr. Max Müller's firm faith in his Dawn-Daphne, and Dawn-Athene, and Dawn-Erings, and dawn almost everything, in face of the crowd of totally different etymologies and meanings guessed at by other scholars, illustrates the nature of *his* evidence. The assertion of Mannhardt's reconversion illustrates, probably, Mr. Max Müller's failure to understand people who disagree with his theories. Much the same might be said as to what he writes about Professor Tiele. But I deal with this elsewhere.

Mr. Max Müller complains of "journalistic mist," to which I am unwilling to add. I have tried to indicate some of Mr. Max Müller's defects as a controversialist. A habit, not a new one, of alluding to opponents without naming them, or giving references to their works, is positively fatal. "At whom," one asks oneself, "is Mr. Max Müller writing?" and often one cannot find out, or only after many inconvenient guesses. The anonymous adversary's ideas, of course, have to take their chance of being correctly stated. My own chance has scarcely been golden.

Andrew Lang.

LIVING POETS.

II.—Austin Dobson.

THE qualities of Mr. Austin Dobson's work are known, for, by an accident which sometimes comes to surprise even the most disinterested of workers, his work is popular. Many have even paid him the compliment, from their own point of view, of ranking him, as a poet, with those amiable, intelligent, often scholarly persons, such as Mr. Locker-Lampson, who have made facile verses about books and wines on the afternoons when they were at leisure. He has written, it is true, a good deal of *vers de societé*, some of which he frankly acknowledges on the head-lines; and to distinguish between light verse, which is poetry, and *vers de societé*, which is what it calls itself, will certainly not be easy for the casual reader, especially as Mr. Dobson is continually bridging the distance with flying *pontons*. It is reassuring to think that he is probably best known by his least valuable work, by what is sentimental in it, or merely amusing. But, in a certain sense, he is genuinely popular for many genuine qualities of his art, only these qualities mean something much more, something often different, to the careful student of his poetry. Who, then, does not know

"The song where not one of the graces
Tight-laces";

the verse which trips on daintier feet than any verse of our time; well-bred verse which dresses in quite the most severe French taste, wears no rouge except with fancy dress, and can sing with as fresh a voice as if it were not singing in a drawing-room? His eighteenth-century muse passes easily from England to France, and it is not fanciful to note the partly French origin of this after all so English writer coming into evidence in a score of little ways, ways as minute as the preference for single and double rhymes intermingled, after the manner of French masculine and feminine rhyming. The scholarship turned courtly (as of some abbé who writes madrigals for the Marquise), the ease of fastidious wit, the fancy brought back from her far voyages, and at home, by preference, in a garden; all these, these unique qualities, it is impossible not to see in the poems of Mr. Dobson. He paints, of course, *genre* pictures brings the whole apparatus of the connoisseur daintily into verse, writes in imitation of Pope, of Prior, and with a worthy flattery in the action; renders Horace in triolets, and Holbein in a *chant royal*. His wit and significance in the use of proper names, allusions, the French language; his wit and delicacy in rhyme, the rare discretion of his epithets, are all evident, and not likely to be overlooked. And when he chooses to be entirely serious, as in perhaps his finest poem, "The Sick Man and the Birds," how natural it seems to him, after all his evasions, to speak, as it is most natural to the poet to speak, directly!

Most of his poetry is an evasion; and it becomes, in its very frivolity, poetry, because it is an evasion. In its indirect, smiling, deliberate way of dealing with life choosing those hours of carnival, when for our allotted time we put on masks, and coloured dresses, and dance a measure or two with strangers, it is an escape, an escape from life felt to be about to become overpowering. Do we not, among ourselves, avoid the expression of a deeply-felt emotion, in order that we may not intensify the emotion itself by giving it words? This light poetry, seeming to be occupied so largely with the things that matter least to us in the world, is human in a most closely human way; and by its very evasion it confesses the power and oppression of those deep emotions which it is like us in trying to escape.

The quality which I find, even in those which seem least likely to occasion it of these transparent "Proverbs in Porcelain," these lilting old French forms, these trotting ballads of the time of the Georges, is the quality of pathos. It is that pathos of things fugitive, flowers, beauty, the bloom on any

fruit, sunshine in winter. It is what touches us, what we feel, without our quite realising the paradox of its appeal to us, not only in the frail, rose-leaf art of Watteau (where it is no doubt part of the intention), but in the certainly unintended suggestion of those eighteenth century fans painted with gallant devices, those seventeenth century gavottes written for courtly measures; and is there not perhaps something of the same reason for the melancholy so strangely islanded in the heart of whirling gaiety of the German dance-rhythms of to-day? In the Capitoline Museum at Rome, in a room filled with busts of the emperors, there is one bust, that of Julia, the daughter of Titus, which has for me precisely the charm and pathos of those fragile things to which this kind of art gives something of the consecration of time. The little fashionable head, so small, eager, curled so elaborately for its life of one fashionable day, and seeming to be so little at home in the unexpected, perpetuating coldness of marble; what has such as this to do with the dignity of death?

"But where is the Pompadour, too?"

asks Mr. Dobson:

"*This* was the Pompadour's *Fan!*"

And it is because he has apprehended so deeply the carnival hours of life, with all that they have of the very unconsciousness of flight; because he has shown us youth, fashion, careless joy, in their unconcern of to-morrow, when youth will be one step further into the shadow it casts before it, and fashion will retire before other plumes, and careless joy sadden at a mere change of the wind; it is because he has these "artless, ageless things to say," with so vivid, and so reluctant, a sense of what can be said lightly, daintily, with sufficient sincerity, during that bright hour's "indefinite reprieve," that he is a poet, where most writers of light verse (to whom the moment is seen but from the moment's point of view) are but rhymers for drawing-rooms. Writing as he does of the matters, and apparently in the tone, which are sufficient for the day to most worldly-wise people, his point of view is never that of the worldly-wise gentleman of the clubs, who is often to be found admiring him for what he thinks is a similarity of tastes. It is always the point of view of the poet, and of a poet to whom no sensation comes without its delicate *arrière-pensée* of wisdom.

I do not say that the whole of his work is of this value which I find typical of it. And, in particular, I do not say that this implicit quality of pathos is not sometimes, to its peril, explicit. Such popular pieces as "The Child-Musician," in which the pathos is said instead of seen, drop at once into a different order of work. A direct appeal to the sentiment of tears, a demand on one's sympathy: any of our Adelphi artificers can move us with that, and leave us ashamed of our emotion afterwards. A newspaper paragraph will do as much; the sight, in the street, of a woman sobbing in a doorway. That pathos, ethereal and yet enduring as the little life of roses living on in the immortality of the vinaigrette, which I find in whatever is good of Mr. Dobson's work, is entirely a pathos of second thoughts; something which is not in the picture, but without which the picture would not be what it is, a picture of some *fête galante*, seeming to exist for itself, in so fragile a moment's happiness, that it appeals to our pity as irony does, touching the artistic sense in us of the paradox of life.

In Mr. Dobson's work, as I have said, we get, frankly, *vers de societé* as well as poetry; and it might be interesting to discriminate between whatever, in his work, belongs to the one or the other order. It is unsafe to neglect so much as a single piece in his collection, for you are never safe from a surprise, and you will find touches of genuine poetry in the most unexpected places. But for the most part he is at his best when he is furthest away from our time; and for an obvious enough reason. It is only past fashions that can appeal to us as being in themselves poetical. When they are of our time they are, in themselves, but so much decoration; they have even a touch of comedy in their nearness to us. That is why Mr. Dobson's poems of the present day, in which he deals with manners as manners, are with difficulty accepted as poetry; and why the verse-writers of "teacup times," who in those times wrote of their teacups, scarcely seem to us poets. While the fan was still between the ringed fingers of the Pompadour, it was but a pretty piece of decoration; it is only now that the

"Chicken-skin, delicate, white,
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,"

becomes stuff for poetry, becoming a symbol of those silken ways by which the fates of nations went, when the fan was of equal weight with the sceptre. But Mr. Dobson, who has the true artist's love of difficulties to conquer, has done that most difficult of things, making poetry out of the ribbons of to-day, and for the wearer of those ribbons. Well, let the "English girl, divine, demure," for whom he has told us he sings, take the pretty compliment, as the probably not more comprehensive Marquise of Molière took the compliments of her "last poet": who should quarrel with the flattering tongue of a dedication? Mr. Dobson knows well enough that he has not written his poems for young ladies, nor for to-day's homage. He has done his day's work for the work's sake, and he has finished perfectly a small, beautiful thing: a miniature, a bust, a coin.

"All passes. Art alone
Enduring stays to us;
The Bust outlasts the throne—
The Coin, Tiberius."

Arthur Symons.

SYMPOSIUM.

MR. CROCKETT'S "LADS' LOVE."*

I.

This may not be the most realistic of Mr. Crockett's stories, and it is certainly not the pleasantest. But it is in one sense the most steeped in the better spirit of Rousseau; more fully than any other of his works, it sets forth the literary creed of the author of "The Confessions": "I shall write always that which comes to me; I shall change it without scruple according to my humour; I shall speak of everything as I feel it, as I see it, without care, without constraint, without being embarrassed by the medley." That Mr. Crockett has at least the courage of this creed is shown not only by a preface in the shape of a letter to "my unanswered correspondents," which many will think unnecessary and more will censure as self-conscious, but by a very audacious representation of

* "Lads' Love." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Bliss, Sands and Co.)

Scottish courtship during the delicious but perilous "cannie hour at e'en." The idea of lads' love suggests most readily Lucy Desborough and Richard Feverel by the river, or Juliet with her "Wherefore art thou, Romeo?" or Miranda with her

> "This
> Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
> That e'er I sighed for; pity move my father
> To be inclin'd my way."

Nance Chrystie, although the eldest daughter of Peter Chrystie, miser, tyrant, elder, toddy-drinker, and sanctimonious humbug, makes in the end a very attached sweetheart, and no doubt also a good wife to Dr. Alec McQuhirr of Dumquhat. But when the "magerful" rather than masterful Alec asks her and her sisters for a kiss in the good old Galloway citadel-storming style, she breaks out after the fashion of the Daughter of Madame Angot, "Oh ye gorb, ye worm, ye fathom o' pumpwater on end, I wish I were a man but for five minutes to throw ye head-foremost oot o' the window—comin' here to fear three bits o' lasses. Ye may weel be prood o' yoursel', ye feckless scullion. Gi'e the like o' you a kiss—faith no, though you waited till the Day of Judgment, and there wasna a man nearer than the stars that shine midway the lift o' heaven." This, it may be said, is vulgar, and sheer caterwauling in the first stage of anger and scratch. But it is true to Scotland and to Galloway rural life, and that is all that concerns me. The plot of "Lads' Love" is nothing to speak of. The dark side of the "cannie hour" love-making—the story of the poor "Hoolet" and her blackguardly packman, which ends in an improbable Scotch marriage, and very nearly in suicide and murder—is conventionally sensational and galleryish. When Nance becomes an actress and plays an Irishwoman, Mr. Crockett simply makes Miss Ellen Terry try to play one of her roguish parts on a Galloway moor. I don't like the Lady Sophronia interlude. It is stage "business," and artificial. But I do thoroughly enjoy the life of Nether Neuk, with the three lasses, Nance and Grace and above all the tomboyish but loyal Hempie. I like the fun of the boozy lairds, and the practical-joking lads, and the peppery pellet-shooting father. It is all genial and hearty. It is as real as, say, the fun in the Fairport post-office, and Mr. Crockett has reproduced it without any intrusion of that "under God" element for introducing which he has in some quarters been severely rather than justly criticised. What is more, nobody else has reproduced it. In this respect "Lads' Love" is more original, more of a human document than any of its predecessors. By the way, is Mr. Crockett chronologically accurate when he makes his heroine's father say to his friends the lairds, "Tak' a pairtin' glass, lads; it's fine stuff, undutied every drap, and that strong and new it wad eat thro' iron plates." Surely "strong and new" is not true of Galloway of to-day, much less of fifty years ago. It suggests the modern "Sautmarket," fusel oil, and the submerged tenth gone mad.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

II.

One who, in the way of anonymous journalism, has taken a melancholy pleasure in expressing his detestation of certain tendencies in Mr. Crockett's work as a novelist, ought naturally to be glad of the opportunity of saying "Them's my sentiments" over a signature, but what scope is there in the "not more than 500 words" to which editorial instruction limits me? Five hundred words for "Lads' Love"! It would take double that to quote the little things in the book that vex by their weakness or repel by their *gaucherie* and falseness. Its author, in a confidential Note, remarks upon the "somewhat peculiar and composite flavour" of the book, and one thanks him for the phrase, for peculiar and composite in flavour it certainly is, without securing successfully any illusion of "the various humours, idylls, loves and tragedies of moorland life in Scotland well-nigh half a century ago." Peter Chrystie, one of the characters, and in some respects the most convincing in the book, says quite seriously of his whisky, "it's fine stuff, undutied every drap, and that strong and new it would eat through iron plates"—a pleasantry of purely modern invention, on which a decade of humorous journalists have rung the changes, and a libel, withal, on the Scotsman's taste in whisky. That, in its anachronism and inelegance, is a fair sample of many blemishes in the book. In the inevitable subsequent editions Mr. Crockett ought especially to revise page 104 and carefully reconsider the humour of Hempie's bucolic allusion to the black calf. Also he should ponder whether "blamed" as an adjective describing fool is not American rather than good Galloway Scots, and if it is at all likely that a bien Scots farmer's daughter—or any Scots girl at all, in this century, would carry on her correspondence in the Doric tongue. These are trivial faults to find if the book otherwise is good, it may be urged, but the fact is the frequency of them would ruin what was otherwise a masterpiece of narrative, construction, imagination, and style. They bring Mr. Crockett alarmingly close to that West of Scotland classic "Wee Curly," and I give him the credit for a higher artistic ideal than that. But "Lads' Love," in spite of its invention, its cheerfulness, its wholesomeness, is not a masterpiece at all. It proves conclusively—if any more proof were needed—that playfulness is not Mr. Crockett's gift from nature. This vexes you all the more when you come on such really admirable passages as those in which the mother of the hero figures, showing that the author has an intuitive grip of certain phases of character, and in the more tragic portions of the story wherein is something of the earnestness and vigour of "The Raiders." Mr. Crockett says he writes by the seasons, and it is when winter is biting snell and grim he buckles on the style of steel cap and leathern jack and rides a-foraging on the English border. He would be well advised, in that case, to take up a permanent residence somewhere north of the seventieth parallel and wear jack and morion all the time.

NEIL MUNRO.

III.

Derivative as to some small extent it may have been, "The Raiders" was fresh, poetic, enthralling; one forgave the structural weakness of "The Men of the Moss Hags" for its rapid series of spirit-stirring episodes; in spite of its occasional crudities and its melodramatic lapses there was in "The Grey Man" a rush of action which carried the reader buoyantly through to the close. Perhaps admiration of much of Mr. Crockett's earlier work leads one to expect too much, but it must be confessed that "Lads' Love" falls far below one's anticipation—further still below one's wishes. The best chapter in the book is "A Poacher's Night," with its knowledge and love of the woodland and the wild creatures in feather and fur, and the hush and odour and spell of the dark; the most finely drawn character the "Lazy Taed," who, once under the green bough, flings off the inveterate loafer and appears a new man as his lurchers "You" and "You there" crouch silent and motionless in their master's tracks. Great, too, is the "Lazy Taed" when he learns his daughter's betrayal and acts on his fierce and primitive conception of justice. What a creation the author of "Mehalah" would have made out of that wild half-savage daughter, the Hoolet! Mr. Crockett has thrown away his chances, and yet he has not wholly failed, for at the close there is a true and poignant pathos in the girl's devotion to her would-be betrayer, who is now a "senseless invalid," but who still knows his wife's hand and clings to it like a babe. In the hoydenish Hempie, too, one sees at times glimpses of the genuine creative faculty; but here again the chances have been let slip. In Nance, the heroine, I am but slightly interested, and not at all in Alec McQuhirr, the hero and teller of the story. Considerable pains have apparently been taken with Peter Chrystie, the cantankerous hypocritical elder, but Peter, alas! runs to tedious farce and caricature. And yet, here is a curious point, the wearisome cry, "Saw ye ocht o' Rab An'erson, lazy taed?" which rings through the book like a cheap catchword in a pantomime, acquires an eerie and tragic cadence when Peter, grown old and doited, goes yammering hillwards, "undiscouraged and undismayed upon the eternal quest for his lost shepherd."

The workmanship of "Lads' Love" perplexes me. The first seventy to eighty pages are burthened with a dull yet jaunty mediocrity inconceivable in the author of "The Raiders." In Chapter XVI. the humorous *clichés* ("the

light wine of the country," "mine own familiar enemy"), the flippancy, the horseplay, are dropped. The mood becomes in the main serious, there is a marked change of style, there seems to be a change in the very landscape. What this indicates it is needless to surmise; one only wonders how it escaped the author's attention. It would serve no purpose to justify with chapter and verse a reference to the undue emphasis given to trivial details, to lapses from good taste, to slips of the pen (how many days old was the Hoolet's infant when it "smiled up in the criminal's face"?), to the false notes which spoil otherwise effective passages, to such burlesque as Nance's Irish masquerading and Peter's signing a promissory note in the "glaur" of a moss-hole, to the author's general lack of restraint and self-criticism. In "Lads' Love" Mr. Crockett does not seem to have taken his work too seriously; perhaps I am here sinning in the opposite direction. But Mr. Crockett is a man of considerable gifts, though it may be doubted whether his facile fecundity be the most desirable or the safest of them. In his prefatory letter to his correspondents in various parts of the planet, he urges that it is not a question of his writing what they would, but what he can. The phrase reminds me of Owen Meredith's familiar distinction between talent and genius. If Mr. Crockett would but give us what he "must," and restrain the impulse to give us only what he "can"!

W. Canton.

NEW BOOKS.

THE AGE OF WORDSWORTH.*

The needs of an industrial and democratic population have called into existence a new type of scholar, with new duties and ideals, the importance of which is perhaps as yet but imperfectly realised. As of old, it remains for the greater Universities to increase knowledge; the function of the rapidly growing University colleges is rather to extend knowledge, to advance the limits of its influence, to render it available over an ever-widening circle. To watch over the popularising of literature, to keep up the level, so easily allowed to drop, of the editing of text-books and the writing of manuals and primers, is an honourable and certainly an arduous ambition; and of the little band of workers who pursue it, Professor Herford is not the least able or the least successful. In "The Age of Wordsworth" he has written quite one of the best of the literary handbooks which are now so much in vogue. Whether such volumes, with their necessary limitations, really serve any very useful purpose, may perhaps be doubted. Personally I think that they do; but in any case it is no easy thing to write one without getting either into the Scylla of the pedantic or the Charybdis of the superficial; to include all that has to be included, and yet to preserve the unity of a book and miss the barrenness of a catalogue. Professor Herford, I venture to think, has solved the problem most happily. He has the considerable critical gift of vignetting, of hitting off the personalities he deals with in a few just and trenchant sentences, so that, instead of a mere blur, an impression, characteristic at least if not complete, remains on the mind of the reader. If one must select among a number of excellent passages, the treatment of Hazlitt, of Lamb, of Jane Austen, of Wordsworth himself may be mentioned as particularly good. Jane Austen may serve as a specimen:

"Perhaps the most perfect literary artist of our period, Jane Austen, belongs to the pre-Romantic age. She is the fine flower of the expiring eighteenth century, absolutely English, almost provincial, in her instincts, her standpoint, her scenery; Greek in her arrowy wit, her delicate irony, her absolute clearness."

Professor Herford has wisely treated his book less as a series of loosely connected biographical portraits than as a study in the revival of Romance. This aspect of the subject is kept before us throughout, and in this he finds his principle of unity. And assuredly it is better that such an unity should be secured, even at the expense of some one-sidedness in the handling. In the suggestive but slightly difficult essay which is printed as an introduction and might perhaps have served better as a summary, Professor Herford makes an attempt to define and expand his formula so as to cover the heterogeneous material which has to be brought under it. He begins well:

"What, then, was Romanticism? Primarily, as we have hinted, it was an extraordinary development of imaginative sensibility. At countless points the universe of sense and thought acquired a new potency of response and appeal to man, a new capacity of ministering to and mingling with his richest and intensest life. Glory of lake and mountain, grace of childhood, dignity of the untaught peasant, wonder of fairy, mystery of the Gothic aisle, radiance of Attic marble—all these springs of the poet's inspiration and the artist's joy began to flow, not at once, but in prolonged unordered succession; and not within a limited area, but throughout Western Europe, and pre-eminently in Germany, England, and France."

This eloquent passage seems to me to contain the kernel of the whole matter. It is to sensibility quickened in various directions and exploring the large tracts of perception and thought which the eighteenth century genius had left unconsidered, that all the multiform and contradictory developments of Romanticism may in the end be traced. Sensibility to disregarded internal facts led to mysticism; sensibility to disregarded external facts led to realism and the study of nature. And where the currents crossed came the mystical treatment of nature and the realistic treatment of man. Professor Herford's introduction, good as it is, would perhaps have been even more satisfactory if he had strenuously followed up this line of thought, and had refrained from attaching an undue importance to the elements akin to Romanticism in contemporary speculation. "Any coherent account of Romantic art must be to a great degree strung upon a history of Romantic ideas," he says; and goes on to claim that on the intellectual side Romanticism may be regarded as "the process of development and elimination which the conceptions of Rousseau underwent in the *milieu* created by the ideas to which Hegel gave their most organic expression." Surely this is putting the cart before the horse. At isolated points, no doubt, Romantic speculation reacted upon Romantic art; but in the main it was the art that was primary, and the speculation that was derivative. *Milieu* creates ideas and not ideas *milieu*; for why do men speculate at all if it is not to give themselves a reasonable account of impulses and instincts which they already feel to be practically operative? Nor do I think that Professor Herford has laid quite enough stress upon the negative aspect of Romanticism. To a large extent it was a movement of revolt, an illustration of the universal law of rhythm in things, by which generation lifts up its hand against generation, just as in Aristotle's story the son dragged the father who in his youth had dragged the grandfather out of the house. Eighteenth century literature was a literature of commonsense; therefore the Romantic consciousness was peculiarly sensitive to whatever lies beyond the borders of commonsense. The interests of the eighteenth century were urban; therefore Romanticism was necessarily travelled and pastoral. How could it be otherwise? The poet, the artist must needs see for himself; it is the law of his being as a poet and an artist; and therefore he must seek truth in regions where truth has not been conventionalised, where he can work with his eye upon the object and not upon the cloud of words wherewith his fathers have encompassed it.

These criticisms, though they are directed to fundamentals, do not affect the merit of Professor Herford's admirable book; admirable in its clear and effective way of putting things, in its wide sympathies and its critical judiciousness.

Edmund K. Chambers.

* "The Age of Wordsworth." By Professor C. H. Herford, Litt.D. (Bell and Sons.)

THE WELL-BELOVED.*

Twenty-three years ago, when "Far from the Madding Crowd" was appearing anonymously in the *Cornhill Magazine*, it was authoritatively ascribed, as I have been told, to the author of "Adam Bede." To us of to-day this guess seems to betray a surprising lack of literary instinct. In picturesqueness, in humour, in characterisation, above all in artistic perfection of workmanship, the love-story of Bathsheba Everdene was immensely superior to anything ever

* "The Well-Beloved." A Sketch of a Temperament. By Thomas Hardy. 6s. (Osgood, McIlvaine.)

accomplished by that lofty-minded moral essayist who mistook her way into story-telling. So great a character, so powerful an intellect, could indeed attempt nothing ingloriously; but her heart was too often in the moral rather than in the story, and the destructive criticism of the day has already played strange havoc with her work. Strangely enough as regards the guess of the critic above quoted, it is in Mr. Hardy's later, not his early, works that any real resemblance to George Eliot is to be found. Glancing to these, we observe that a common seriousness of purpose and gloominess of creed stamp the two authors as the outcome of a single period in the history of philosophic thought. In a word, they belong alike to the age of Huxleyism, or of Positivism, George Eliot marking the rise of its influence in fiction, Hardy the close. Receiving the novel of manners from the somewhat superficial hands of Thackeray, George Eliot poured into it a moral and humanitarian earnestness unknown to it before, and this same earnestness survives to this day in "Tess of the Durbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure." But it survives there alone. Mr. Hardy was born in 1840, and Robert Louis Stevenson some ten or twelve years later. But when Stevenson had arrived at man's estate, the current of our thoughts had already changed. We were grown weary of hopeless brooding over the problems of life that haunted us even in our recreations, and for our consolation Stevenson gave us the novel of pure amusement, guaranteed not to make us think. Other writers, often of brilliant ability, have continued other traditions of the older schools; but the main stream of tendency, as seems to me, is here. To the place of the lamented Stevenson's romances has succeeded what I may perhaps call the anthropological fiction of Kipling—the fiction which recognises as its aim the comparative study of man as modified by the skies and conditions under which he lives, and which, notwithstanding all the commanding genius it displays, labours under this disadvantage—that in it woman figures but in the part of "lesser man." This passage may appear irrelevant, but its object is to put the position of Mr. Hardy's later novels distinctly before the reader.

In all but a few chapters, which have been re-written, "The Well-Beloved" is an earlier work than "Jude the Obscure" (which in this issue of the "Wessex Novels" immediately precedes it), having appeared as a serial in the *Illustrated London News* as far back as 1892. Its manner, accordingly, is that of an earlier period. It has none of the characteristics which made "Jude" such a subject of debate—disconcerting, as that book did, some of the author's warmest admirers, whilst to others it appeared to contain, side by side with an admitted diminution of beauty, the most interesting study of a man which he had yet given to the world, together with possibly the fullest and freest expression of his matured genius. On the other hand, "The Well-Beloved"—surely the shortest and slightest novel Mr. Hardy has written since the "Strange Adventures of a Milkmaid"—exhibits several of the charming characteristics which won the hearts of readers of his earlier works. The scenery of "Jude the Obscure" was austerely and harshly realistic; but perhaps only once before—when he drew Egdon Waste—has the author so vitally realised a landscape as here, upon a smaller scale, indeed, he has done that of Portland Bill—"the peninsula carved by Time out of a single stone," the reputed Vindilia Island, the Home of the Slingers, with its voices, its suggestions, its climatic and tidal peculiarities, its traces of a far-gone past, and its inhabitants, a race apart, living by and unto themselves. As Egdon Waste lives, so lives the "Isle," as it could never have lived upon the canvas even of the greatest of colourists, brought before us not only in its external features and a single mood, but in its changes and its spirit as well. This is the triumph of the art of literary description, an art as distinct from the no-art of word-painting as an etching from a photograph. And, as the landscape is in Mr. Hardy's happiest manner, so—as a mere sketch of a girl—he has never surpassed the portrait of Avice the First. For myself, Mr. Hardy's women—second only to Shakespeare's as I conceive them to be—lack, in one respect, variety. They are, without exception, a young man's women. They charm the eye, fascinate, enthral the spirit. But the fact remains that it is by virtue of the capacity of passion, latent or at least suspected in them, that they interest, stimulate, appeal to or madden ourselves or the heroes of the books. And so is it with girls in real life whilst a man continues young. But few are privileged—or should I say are doomed—to remain youthful in heart as long as Jocelyn Pierston, the imaginative and susceptible sculptor of whose "temperament" this book purports to be a sketch. And, when youth is gone, then it is another side of womanhood which moves us. Then it is through her divine capacity, not for passion, but for affection, that she appeals to us, no longer in the character of the Foam-born Goddess, but in that of the Great Consoler. Now of this style of women, in the whole range of Mr. Hardy's novels, there is scarce a trace. I by no means urge it as a shortcoming, I merely state it as a fact. Elfride is a doubtful exception. Viviette, indeed, has tenderness, but it is the tenderness of a woman, herself no longer young, who is enamoured of a youth. And there is no maternal love, so far as I remember, in any one of the novels save that of the austere, though passionate, Mrs. Yeobright, or of Mrs. Jethway, a slighter sketch drawn either from the same model or one which much resembles it. In a word, of the *consolation* of a woman's love there is as little trace as of the consolation of religion. But among all Mr. Hardy's heroines—a Dream of Fairest Women indeed—the softer charm of womanhood is perhaps best realised in the first Avice Caro of this book. In the very instant of her entrance upon the scene she wins the heart of every masculine reader; her gentle charm is sustained through all we see of her, and though she disappears so soon, she is made to linger, pathetically transfigured, in the reader's memory to the end.

I have spoken of the things which appeal to me most forcibly in the book, and space barely suffices for a mere mention of what remains. The first few chapters are a delightful romance, of the kind of which, with never-faltering freshness, the author has already given us so many. The remainder is devoted to the somewhat mechanical working out of a plot which would be whimsical but for its purpose of developing the hero's character. In this regard, one almost inclines to believe that the author has borrowed from the French Symbolists, and intends us, whilst reading the letter of his story, to mark and inwardly digest a but half-revealed spiritual significance. The hero's delusion is, I fancy, no very uncommon one; the uncommonness consists in his clear and early perception of it. That the story of his life-long pursuit of "the Well-Beloved" ends in a bitter "making the best of things" is in strict keeping with the pure paganism of the character. But there were pagans, like Cicero, if not pagans of artistic temperament, who overcame the hatred of old age, and black indeed is the outlook for the Pierstons of to-day who can devise no means for doing the same. I cannot close without a word of regret at the unsympathetic touch with which the few "Society" scenes in the book are represented. George Douglas.

THE APOLLO POETS.*

If the "Apollo Poets" are continued as they have been begun, they may well be called the premier series of reprints in England. Nothing equal to them has been published at the price. They are perfect in every detail, and ought at once to sell by thousands. We cannot doubt that they will supersede all their rivals. Messrs. Bliss and Sands have been particularly successful in producing books which are thoroughly tasteful and at the same time adapted to the needs of the multitude. The binding is in buckram and the decoration is both liberal and tasteful. The printing has been done with great care, the paper is excellent, the size is convenient, and the volumes have a gilt top. In addition, the work of editing has been very conscientiously performed. We should prefer, for our part, an edition of Burns that was not complete, but those who think otherwise will find here what they want. They will also find a good chronology, a judicious selection of notes, an index, and a glossary. The highest credit should be given to the projectors of this spirited series. It is not too much to say that they have inaugurated a new era of reprints in England.

* "The Poetical Works of Robert Burns." (London: Bliss, Sands and Co.)

THE PRIVATE LIBRARY.*

Mr. Humphreys, who is well known for his connection with Messrs. Hatchards, and also for his lively and sometimes brilliant publication—"Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow"—has written an excellent and useful volume on the private library. He is a genuine lover of books, and all bookmen will welcome his advice. He has written mainly with a view to country house libraries, and much of his advice can be taken only by persons of large means. For example, he is a strong advocate of morocco binding, or half-morocco at the least. Many will say that they prefer to have books as they were originally bound. Mr. Humphreys does not believe in the cult of first editions; but his remarks are not likely to affect those who like a work as it was first printed. In most of what he says, however, everyone will agree with him, and it is said well, and brightly, and clearly, and illustrated with many delightful quotations. We have no doubt that this book will take its place as a standard work.

PROFESSOR KER ON EPIC AND ROMANCE.†

The extraordinary development of story-telling which has made it almost a rarer distinction in the present generation not to write novels than not to read them, has not hitherto borne fruit very largely in the literary study of story-literature. If the folk tales of every age and people are eagerly explored, it is the science of folklore which prompts the search, controls the choice and directs the classification. If the famous stories of literature are laboriously provided with their genealogical pedigrees, it is at the hands of the professional *Quellenforscher*, whose formidable apparatus the specific literary quality of his material not seldom eludes. If, on the other hand, an old story is revived simply as literature, the conception of literary interest is too apt to be thinned down to a mere tickling of the dilettante palate, or the gusto with which the biphliophile places a sumptuously bound volume on the Nirvana on his bookshelves.

In the present remarkable volume Professor Ker has shown us a way which if not altogether new, has rarely in recent times been trodden with so much distinction. It is a luminous survey of the great story-literatures of early western Europe, in which the foundation of most of the brilliant or fantastic superstructure of modern story-telling was laid. Its scope is rather covered than defined by the title; "Epic and Romance," are terms which critical newminting and popular abrasion have reduced to tokens of doubtful value. But Prof. Ker entirely justifies his choice of this slippery formula; the Proteus is not only caught, and held, but compelled to wear from first to last a very definite shape. This would be a slight achievement if the treatment were abstract and theoretical; in reality it is penetrated with historical instinct; we move from first to last in close touch with the living activities of men, and the abstract formula Epic and Romance becomes charged with meaning by being steeped in an atmosphere from which formulas and abstractions of all sorts have been peremptorily winnowed away.

The book illustrates once more the enduring worth of Greek ideas as a starting point for the criticism of all other literature. Aristotle half understood notoriously works havoc; but a profounder grasp of his meaning has, once at least in modern times, gone along with momentous discoveries in modern poetry. Lessig's recognition of Shakspere went along with his recognition of Aristotle. Professor Ker does not, of course, claim to be a discoverer in this sense. Nevertheless, his criticism of Germanic epic may claim kinship with Lessig's criticism of Shakspere in the felicity with which it seizes the meeting-points of Greek and Germanic art. Thus he insists that the oldest Germanic stories we know, such as the story of Alboin, show that grasp of dramatic situation which brings them nearer to the *Iliad*, than to the "sophisticated epic" of later times. "It is a great story, even in a prose abstract, and the strength of its tragic problem is invincible. It is with strength like this, with a knowledge not too elaborate or minute, but sound and clear, of some of the possibilities of mental conflict and tragic contradiction, that heroic poetry first reveals itself among the Germans. It is this that gives strength to the story of the combat between Hildebrand and his son, of the flight of Walter and Hildegund, of the death of Brynhild, of Attila and Gudrun. . . . Even in 'Maldon' there is the tragic error; the fall and defeat of the English is brought about by the over-confidence and over-generosity of Byrhtnoth, in allowing the enemy to come to close quarters." It is on Homer again that Professor Ker builds up his exposition of the relation of Epic to Romance. "Romance by itself is a kind of literature that does not allow the full exercise of dramatic imagination; a limited and abstract form, as compared with the fulness and variety of Epic; though episodes of romance and romantic moods and digressions, may have their place, along with all other human things, in the epic scheme. . . ." The romance of Odysseus—his tale in the house of Alcinous—is an episode in the great drama of his homecoming and recovery of his own; and even this episode is kept in harmony with the stronger part of the poem. "It is not pure fantasy and 'Faerie,' like the voyage of Maelduin or the vigil in the castle of Busirane. Odysseus in the house of Alcinous is not different from Odysseus of the return to Ithaca. The story is not pure romance, it is dramatic monologue, and the character of the speaker has more part than the wonders of the story in the silence that falls on the listeners when the story comes to an end."

It is possible that the evidently inferior part played by romance—"pure" or otherwise—in Greek literature may have contributed to give it a humbler portion in the present volume. At any rate, it is rather in the ways of Epic that Professor Ker has preferred to show his strength and range, and his finest chapter is, in our judgment, that upon the Icelandic Sagas, a kind of "epic" in which "romance" was a vanishing quantity. "Romance" too is treated when it comes to its turn, with a more severe selection; every branch of the older epic is dwelt upon, but the court-romance of Germany, Italy, and England is not ignored, certainly, but at least put by without repining for another season. The transition, too, from "epic" to "romance" becomes in Professor Ker's hands perhaps too purely pathological; at least, there is less adequate indication of the processes by which, out of the heart of romance, a Wolfram of Eschenbach could win his way to noble poetry, than of those by which romance comes about as a symptom of epic decay—a morbid excrescence of abstractions and idealisms from the sound body of the old epic, in which "all the business of life" quite naturally found its place.

Connected possibly with this extreme severity towards romance is a disparagement, surely too unmeasured, of its characteristic verse-forms. The following is at any rate a paradoxical statement of the balance of literary good fortune as between England and Germany in the romance age: "England had the advantage over Germany, that while Germany lost the old verse, England did not lose the English heroic subjects, though, as it happens, the story of King Horn and the story of Havelok the Dane, are not told in the [alliterative] verse that was used for King Arthur and Gawain, for the tale of Troy and the wars of Alexander." Yet surely Germany made a better bargain with the "old verse" when she wrought it, with the aid of the French octo-syllable, into the beautifully modulated conflict of Hartmann and Gottfried, than England, when she revived the verse of Cynewulf in the often rude and shapeless metre of Langlad. And such "heroic subjects" as Havelok and Guy and Bevis, and even Horn, might surely have been "lost" without greatly heightening the adverse balance against a people who had suffered the last tradition of the Volsung story to die, which in the days of Beowulf had still been familiarly known.

The chapters on the "epic" poetry and prose of the Germanic peoples contain, however, some of the most fruitful and penetrating criticism which has yet been brought to bear upon them in England. Very ingenious, for instance, is the way in which the test of narrative-scale in the verse-epic is applied to the theory which regards the longer epics as agglomerations of more primitive "lays."

In the short poems which make up the older Edda we seem at first sight to have just such lays as the "Iliad"

* "The Private Library." By A. L. Humphreys. (Hatchards.)

† "Epic and Romance." Essays on Mediæval Literature. By W. P. Ker. (Macmillan.)

and the "Odyssey" have been imagined to presuppose. Short, however, as they are, they often contain story-matter enough to furnish forth an "Iliad," if told with the same amplitude of scale. "Most of them by their unity and self-consistency make it difficult to think of them as absorbed in a longer epic . . . If ever epic poetry was made by a conglomeration of ballads, it must have had other kinds of material than this. Some of the poems are episodic; others are rather to be described as abridgements of epic than as separate epic scenes. But neither in the one case nor in the other is there to be found the kind of poetry that is required by the hypothesis of composite epic. There are short epics that might conceivably have served as the framework or the ground plan of a more elaborate work, containing, like the 'Lay of Helgi' or the 'Lay of Brunhild,' incidents enough and hints of character enough for a history fully worked out, as large as the Homeric poems . . . The old lays, Northern and Western, whatever their value, have all strong individual characters of their own, and do not easily submit to be regarded as merely the unused materials, waiting for a poet who never was born."

But the core of the book is, as we have said, the chapter on the Sagas: "the great imaginative triumph of the Teutonic heroic age," as Prof. Ker does not hesitate to call them. The art of the Sagas, moving always in close touch with actualities, "immersed in matter," yet bringing all the throng of incidents and figures into relation with an imaginative conception of the main story, came nearer in fact, at its best, than anything else in modern literature, to the ancient epic; and he characterises this art with great felicity. "The best Sagas are not always those which give the least of their space to historical matters, to the genealogies and family memoirs. From these, the original life of the Sagas is drawn, and when it is cut off from these the Saga withers into a conventional and insipid romance. Some of the best Sagas are among those which make the most of the history, and like 'Njala' and 'Laxdæla,' act out their tragedies in a commanding way, that carries along with it the whole crowd of minor personages, yet so that their minor and particular existences do not interfere with the story, but help to give it substantiality." It may be added that though the method is primarily critical and selective, this chapter presents a pretty complete survey of the entire Saga cycle—a survey not less scholarly and decidedly more literary than the only other known to us in English which can in any way be brought into comparison—that of Vigfusson, in his valuable Introduction to the "Sturlunga Saga." The subdued reflections of epic poetry, often discernible in the Sagas, are traced with delicate insight, and the poetry often gains from the comparison as much in definite import as the prose does in heroic spirit. Thus the English poet of the Finnesburgh tells us that "the sword-light (*swardleoma*) rose as though all Finnesburgh were aflame," but the prose of Sturla seems to bring us face to face with the very situation from which this poetic phrase was caught. It is the fight round the hall of Flugumyri. "They kept at it far into the night, and struck so hard (say the men who were there), that fire flew, as it seemed, when the weapons came together." It may be added that the Appendices contain some admirable renderings from the Sagas.

We will not part from this book without calling attention to the chapters which specially concern English literature; that on "Beowulf," and, in particular, the critical analysis of the "Tales of Chaucer," with which it closes. Had Prof. Ker desired to justify the wide sweep which he has taken round the immediate subject of his chair, it would suffice to point to the mastery with which he here applies to these home-problems the critical insight won in comparative study. The path is circuitous, but "by these indirections" do men "of wisdom and of reach," in a sense undreamt of by Polonius, "find directions out." C. H. Herford.

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS' NEW BOOK.*

Mr. Arthur Symons attempts in his latest book, "Amoris Victima," "to deal imaginatively with what seems" to him "a typical phase of modern love, as it might affect the emotions and sensations of a typical modern man, to whom emotions and sensations represent the whole of life." The book is divided into four sections—"Amoris Victima," a group of fourteen sonnets; "Amoris Exsul," a group of fourteen lyrics; "Amor Triumphans," a group of sixteen lyrics; "Mundi Victima," a poem in heroic couplets divided into eleven sections of irregular length; and all these poems, though he hopes "able to stand alone," are related to "the general psychology of the imaginary hero." It is difficult and dangerous to define the movements and epochs of anything so much a part of oneself as contemporary literature, but when popular criticism, which does not consider anything difficult and dangerous, has given certain names to certain kinds of work, and hated the work for the name's sake, one is compelled to define. Popular criticism having agreed that poetry like that of Mr. Arthur Symons is "decadent," and therefore "immoral," "insincere," and "shallow," it is necessary to try and find out what distinguishes poetry like that of Mr. Arthur Symons from the poetry popular criticism has learned to honour. It seems to me that the poetry which found its greatest expression in Tennyson and Browning pushed its limits as far as possible, tried to absorb into itself the science and philosophy and morality of its time, and to speak through the mouths of as many as might be of the great persons of history; and that there has been a revolt—a gradual, half-perceptible revolt, as is the fashion of English as contrasted with French revolts—and that poetry has been for two generations slowly contracting its limits and becoming more and more purely personal and lyrical in its spirit. Mr. Lang, and Mr. Dobson, and Mr. Gosse began the change by their delight in the most condensed of lyric forms; while Mr. Bridges, with his reiteration of the most ancient and eternal notes of poetry and of them alone; Mr. Francis Thompson, with his distinguishing catholic ecstasy and his preoccupation with personal circumstance; Mr. Henley, with his noisy, heroic cry; Mr. Lionel Johnson, with his ecstatic stoicism; Mr. Davidson, with his passionate insistence on a few simple ideas, whose main value is in his passionate insistence; Mr. Le Gallienne, with his fanciful attitude towards life and art; Mr. Watson, with his continual pronouncements on public affairs; and Mr. Symons, with his pleasure in "the typical modern man, to whom emotions and sensations represent the whole of life," and in "the typical modern man" alone, are but, according to their very various powers, carrying this change to its momentous fulfilment: the calling of what is personal and solitary to the supreme seat of song. Some of these poets embody this change more than others, and popular criticism seems to me to dislike a poet just in so far as he embodies this change, for popular criticism has learned the importance of the science and philosophy and morality of its time, and of the great persons of history; but a poetry which is personal and solitary, and must therefore be judged by the poetical instinct alone, leaves it puzzled and angry. Mr. Symons, who is not only, in his verse, less of a savant, or a philosopher, or a moralist, or an historian than any poet of his time, but has certain very personal preoccupations which popular criticism has never learned to associate with poetry, has endured the whole burden of its indignation.

Though this book may not decrease the indignation of popular criticism, it will set Mr. Symons' name much higher with the dozen or so of men and women to whom poetry is the first interest in life, for it has far less of that occasional aridity which was the shadow of his particular excellence. Mr. Symons in "Silhouettes" and "London Nights" was often too anxious to make his readers feel as his "typical modern man" felt at some particular moment, let us say, under the leaves in the Luxembourg gardens; and the inspiration that comes, when one is holding the pen, is despotic, and will not share its dominions with any memory of sensation and circumstance. In this book, however, he writes under a far more fiery influence than memory, than even the most moving, exquisite memory, and the lines at their best leap and live with a strange glowing and glimmering life. The blank verse lyric which his "typical modern man" addresses to "the wanderers" is as perfect as his "La Mélanite: Moulin Rouge," one of the most perfect lyrics of our time, and has a greater intensity.

> "Theirs is the world and all the glory of it,
> Theirs because they forego it, passing on
> Into the freedom of the elements;

* "Amoris Victima." By Arthur Symons. (Leonard Smithers.)

Wandering, ever wandering,
Because life holds not anything so good
As to be free of yesterday, and bound
Towards a new to-morrow; and they wend
Into a world of unknown faces, where
It may be there are faces waiting them,
Faces of friendly strangers, not the long,
Intolerable monotony of friends."

* * * * *

"La Melanite" was an exquisite impression, and "The Javanese Dancers," in an earlier book, was an exquisite impression, but here is the supreme emotion expressed supremely. The whole book is indeed preoccupied with the great issues and the great emotions of life, with the over-mastering things, while "Silhouettes" and even "London Nights" were preoccupied with those little issues and little emotions which one can master and forget. This change of substance is most marked in "Mundi Victima," which, being the last section, and a logical climax for the other sections, is probably the latest written. "Mundi Victima" is a long ecstasy of sorrow, a long revery of that bitter wisdom which comes only to those who have a certain emotional distinction, and which is much older than philosophies and sciences, and moralities and histories, which can be taught and understood and perhaps believed by the most undistinguished people.

"Even in our love our love could not suffice
(Not the rapt silence whose warm wings abound
With all the holy plenitude of sound,
At love's most shadowy and hushed hour of day)
To keep the voices of the world away.
O subtle voices, luring from the dream
The dreamer, till love's very vision seem
The unruffled air that phantom feet have crossed
In the mute march of that processional host
Whose passing is the passing of the wind;
Avenging voices, hurrying behind
The souls that have escaped and yet look back
Reluctantly along the flaming track;
O mighty voices of the world, I have heard
Between our heart-beats your reiterate word,
And I have felt our heart-beats slackening."

One may say of Mr. Symons that he is in no accurate sense of the word a "decadent," but a writer who has carried further than most of his contemporaries that revolt against the manifold, the impersonal, the luxuriant, and the external, which is perhaps the great movement of our time, and of more even than literary importance. Popular criticism, which prolongs the ideals and standards of a school of literature, which has finished its great work for this epoch of the world, is, on the other hand, in the most accurate sense of the word, "decadent."

W. B. Yeats.

MR. MEREDITH ON COMEDY.*

Because Mr. Meredith is here the interpreter of much of his own genius, because the essay is the outcome of his mature energy and wit in all their freshness, the reprint of this lecture delivered at the London Institution nineteen years ago is a noteworthy event. It comes on us as a new thing, because it says finally what a hundred others have blundered over saying, and which badly needs saying, in spite of all the laughter of Aristophanes and Cervantes and Molière. Mr. Meredith's hardest task is in differentiating the Comic Spirit and its kindred.

"The Comic, which is the perceptive," he says, "is the governing spirit, awakening and giving aim to these powers of laughter, but it is not to be confounded with them: it enfolds a thinner form of them, differing from satire in not sharply driving into the quivering sensibilities, and from humour in not comforting them and tricking them up, or indicating a broader than the range of this bustling world to them."

Perhaps all his tests and all his definitions, the test, for instance, that it awaken thoughtful laughter, the definition of it as the humour of the mind, are finely accurate, but, at least, in application, the differentiation between humour and the Comic spirit is ticklish. Take it as the intellectual manifestation of humour and we are near his opinion.

His illustrations are not largely English. Englishmen have a large fund of humour, but in the more exclusively mental and the gentler forms of it they are lacking. English comedy is largely farce. Englishmen are either too realistic in their ridicule of manners or too sentimental in their regard of them. They love the "hazy region and the ideal that is not to be disturbed," or they drive realism and contempt to a rowdy excess. In the community where the comic poet can live and rule with effect, ideas and perceptions must be quick. "The semi-barbarism of giddy communities and feverish emotional periods repel him; and also a state of marked social inequality of the sexes." He emphasises this last point strongly, and marks himself off from a large section of the writers of to-day by insisting that the comic spirit—and he means, too, the circle of society where it flourishes—shows the mutual likenesses, not the differences of men and women. "There has been fun in Bagdad," he says, "but there never will be civilisation where comedy is not possible, and that of some degree of social equality of the sexes." But though he does not rate English comedy high, he makes a strong appeal to his countrymen to cultivate the comic spirit; not a futile appeal this, for humour is there already in strength, only not quite civilised enough for social sanitation which is the main use of comedy. Not an imaginative process is necessary, but a purely intellectual and, therefore, more possible one. Here is Comedy as the Reformer, or rather the Master of the Ceremonies.

"Men's future upon earth does not attract it; their honesty and shapeliness in the present does; and whenever they wax out of proportion, overblown, affected, pretentious, bombastical, hypocritical, pedantic, fantastically delicate; whenever it sees them self-deceived or hood-winked, given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities, planning short-sightedly, plotting dementedly; whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice; are false in humility or mixed with conceit . . . . the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter."

But if it be not concerned with the great human destinies, "it is not hostile to the sweetest songfully poetic. Chaucer bubbles with it: Shakespeare overflows: there is a mild moon's ray of it . . . . in Comus." This is no superfluous comment. What the comic may be without poetic grace and charm we know from Thomas Love Peacock, endlessly clever and coldly inhuman.

Molière is the ideal of this urbane observer and corrector of manners, and in the passage where he contrasts him with our Congreve, we have a further revelation of what this higher comedy may be. Congreve's wit is a Toledo blade "cast for duelling." Molière's is

"like a running brook, with innumerable fresh lights on it at every turn of the wood through which its business is to find a way. It does not run in search of obstructions, to be noisy over them; but when dead leaves and viler substances are heaped along the course its natural song is heightened. Without effort, and with no dazzling flashes of achievement, it is full of healing, the wit of good breeding, the wit of wisdom."

A wholesome and a gracious gift. But Mr. Meredith's voice is crying in a wilderness. For in our frivolously driven age, who has the vitality to be intellectually active in his leisure? Spent and harassed, we most of us are glad that our Comedy is but farce, and makes more demand on our lungs than on our brains and judgments.

* "An Essay on Comedy, and the Uses of the Comic Spirit." By George Meredith. 5s. net. (A. Constable.)

THE GREEN BOOK.*

Jókai has been writing for more than half a century, but in England even now we know him mostly by report. Half a dozen or so of his romances have been translated, and Hungarian students say they are not the best. With our judgment of these must mingle the fame of his scores of novels, of plays, of poems, of articles, the record of his revolutionary struggles, his duels, his long and honourable and strenuous political career; for his country is very proud of him, and his story has passed beyond his native boundaries. Jókai is a great man, and if the cry be that he is also a great writer, there is a thousand times more justice in it than in most popular verdicts on present-day literature. Every novel we have had the chance of reading, however faulty it may be, reflects some of those qualities that make the man great: his sense of the grandiose, his generosity, his

* "The Green Book; or, Freedom under the Snow." By Maurus Jókai. 6s. (Jarrold.)

inextinguishable belief in ideals and ideas, his marvellous energy, his reckless profusion, the perennial freshness of his search for subjects among the picturesque episodes of history, and the wild, remote, untamed corners of Europe. The commonplace and the every-day seem not to be avoided, but rather withholden from his vision. He has been compared to a great many of the masters of fiction by way of winning him hearty recognition; but extravagant comparisons are not needed. Jókai will live in the history of Hungary, if not in the history of its literature. He is like one of the great masters, at least, the elder Dumas, in the tremendous capacity of his mind, in its inability to be tired, in his universal interest in human action. Dumas in a few masterpieces showed himself a supreme artist. Outside these—it is an important limitation—Jókai no doubt holds his own with him; in a sense of the beauty of nature the Frenchman is far surpassed. The latest book in which the Hungarian novelist is presented to us is very representative of his powers. It shows his highest qualities, and marks plainly where lies his demarcation from the greater

MAURUS JÓKAI.

masters. Hardly anyone else to-day writes, or could write, this kind of novel, which demands a vast survey over many scenes, the keeping in hand of very diverse characters and threads of plot, the maintenance of a high level of scenic dignity, with the intimate analysis of character. Tolstoy's "War and Peace" is the great example of this generation, and Tolstoy writes no more for lovers of romance. The writers of to-day are all for episodes, for single situations. Situations and episodes are only the phrases in Jókai's larger sentence, and fastidiousness will have belittled our judgment, if we do not find it refreshing to meet again with a wider scheme than the one that follows the fashion of the hour. But though his is the method of the giants, we have learned a good deal since the days when his plan was the commoner model. The increase of subtlety, though it may have been coincident with a decrease of energy and vastness, has mainly meant a more faithful search for truth, a finer taste. Jókai has learnt nothing from the moderns. He is not a Tolstoy of greater labours and less perfect art. He is king in his own country, which is melodrama. No realist of to-day has got up his documents more carefully; even the analysers of episodes and single characters must often give way before his intimate knowledge of human nature; but then all his documents and all his shrewdness must also in their turn, and very frequently, yield to his driving instincts of melodrama. He says the word too much never uttered by the masters. With none of their calm trust or calm indifference, he lights Bengal fires that we may not miss effects.

Yet he writes no little books. A large heart and a large mind are at the back of each; and, however we criticise the staging of the drama before us, it moves us, and keeps us absorbed to the end. A troublous tortuous chapter out of the history of great chaotic, tragic Russia is presented to us. The Green Book is the secret record of the transactions of revolutionary societies, and contains the list of those who may be counted on to help the good cause. To get hold of it is the aim of the officials and the spies of the old *régime*; but it is in the keeping of a woman inconquerably faithful, a Finnish prima donna, Zeneida Ilmarine. For astuteness, for brilliance, for sacrifice, she is a goddess; not made of human flesh and blood at all, any more than is her rival and enemy, the fiendish, treacherous, Princess Ghedimin; but they are both impressive and magnificent puppets. The leading figure among the revolutionary personages is the poet Pushkin, and, needless to say, the actions of that fervent patriot and fiery soul, in difficult and ambiguous circumstances, courted by all the dazzling ladies of the capital, adoring freedom, yet owing debts of gratitude to the Czar, hindered by the intriguing love of two women from joining the insurrection that broke out on the accession of Nicholas, are sympathetically interpreted. But it is not a revelation of one side of the story only. All Jókai's heart and soul go out to that flower of freedom under the snow, "the roots of which will never die." Yet the most pathetic pages—and from them melodrama keeps far aloof—are those that tell of the Czar Alexander's tragic loneliness, and the great tender affection he poured out on his unowned child, the dying Sophie Narishkin. A susceptible reader will resent the italics and all the other kindred methods that would force his emotional attention; but the irritation can never be enough to kill his interest in this strange, stirring story of generous effort, of frustrate hopes, and unquenchable dreams of betterment.

STEVENSON'S FABLES AND MINOR TALES.*

To read "The Wrong Box" in this superfine edition, printed in Messrs. Constable's most imposing type, to see it treated with a seriousness which publishers and printers could not surpass in their issues of Plato or Montaigne, gives one the impression of a street *gamin* strutting in the Lord Chancellor's robes. But "The Wrong Box" is, at least, excellent of its kind, if dressed up here beyond its station. "John Nicholson," which belongs to the same order of thing, is not, and the incongruity becomes a little absurd. There is a taste of Stevenson about it; one passage is even written with something of his best grace and force. In its original form as a Christmas Annual little fault could be found with it. John's troubles with the cabman, and the coil of teasing circumstances are passably amusing; but transplanted to a stately garden, it seems a very homely little plant indeed, and rather ill-grown at that. It had much better have stayed outside of this beautiful edition, for it is hardly honouring to Stevenson's fame. It is the kind of thing that might be left for a greedy gleaner to pick up later. A responsible editor need not have put on it his seal of approval, for it can hardly be urged with seriousness that "John Nicholson" is needed for the study of Stevenson.

There remain in this volume the Fables, and a tastidious reader's criticism does not altogether stop in face of these. It is very questionable if they would all have been given to the world by their author. "Stevenson," says Mr. Colvin, 'liked this form of the story, and practised something of the kind with success in 'Will of the Mill,' in 'Markheim,' and 'Jekyll and Hyde.'" I venture to think that these three stories, not excepting the popular third, are the

* "The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson." Tales and Fantasies. Vol. 4. Printed by T. and A. Constable, for Longmans, Green, and Co., Cassell and Co., Seeley and Co., Chas. Scribner's Sons, and sold by Chatto and Windus.

feeblest efforts of his genius. He had no first-rate success with the allegorical form, and when it came to making fables there were additional difficulties in his way. A dry, cold, pointed style is demanded by this form, and he was first and foremost a warm colourist. The fabulist should emphasise the story; in Stevenson's attempts the moral is all-pervading. He was experimenting in an alien art. But we must all be delighted to possess these experiments. Some of his bad fables are excellent if called by some other name. Such are "The Reader," "The Four Reformers," "The Sick Man and the Fireman,"—shrewd, humorous, and human. Such, too, for other qualities, is "The Song of the Morrow," a wonderful bit of writing, breathing a higher poetry than any of his poems, uttering a mood he rarely expressed, and inspired, I feel sure, by Celtic legend. One cannot condense the meaning of it any more than one could the song of the wind, but it speaks mystically the whole of life as it appears to the imaginative mind. "The King's daughter was aware of a man upon the beach; he went hooded so that none might perceive his face, and a pipe was underneath his arm. The sound of his pipe was like singing wasps, and like the wind that sings in windle straw; and it took hold upon men's ears like the crying of gulls." This was the comer, for longing of whom the king's daughter had left her unthinking bliss, her simplicity of heart, and who showed her the power upon the hour and the song of the morrow. And she listened long years till the piper vanished too. Then she saw another king's daughter walking in her old tracks, in unthinking bliss, "with no thought for the morrow and no power upon the hour, after the manner of simple men." If this be allegory, then I take back my criticism on his capacity for handling it.

A. M.

NOVEL NOTES.

QUO VADIS. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. (Dent.)

This is a historical novel of the old-fashioned, leisurely, ample, and solid character, a kind demanding for such success as is attained here a vast deal more learning and brains than the slighter sort in vogue to-day, wanting, too, from us rather more patience than we are accustomed to give. But its excellent workmanship and the warm humanity which lights it up deserve our close attention and reward it. It is a terrible picture of the days of Nero and the cruel conflict between the old ideas and the new, containing powerful and subtle portraits of the brutal imperial comedian and his court, and strange, tender glimpses of the fresh life springing up in obscurity and weakness that was to outlast his power and to rule more widely. The chief interest in the book is Petronius, the elegant and the cultivated companion of Nero, a man who had drunk pleasure to the dregs, a passionate lover of sensuous beauty, yet not impervious to the influence of holiness, as exemplified by the Christian ladies Pomponia and Lygia, and with a profound contempt for the bestial depravity of his master. But he is never a Christian convert. "Am I to love the Bithynians who carry my litter, the Egyptians who heat my bath? . . . In Rome there are a hundred thousand persons at least who have either crooked shoulders, or big knees, or thin thighs, or staring eyes, or heads that are too large. Dost thou command me to love these too? . . . Whoso loves beauty is unable for that very reason to love deformity. One may not believe in our gods, but it is possible to love them, as Phidias, Praxiteles, Miron, Scopias, and Lysias loved." He dies, a brave and well-bred pagan, by his own act, ere the stroke of Nero reaches him.

PATIENCE SPARHAWK AND HER TIMES. By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (Lane.)

Try to conceive "The Story of an African Farm" without its passion for morality, and you will get some idea of Mrs. Atherton's new book. It is the novel of a clever woman of overflowing energy and burning interest in life, but it is terribly crude, and to European eyes terribly solemn, with the aggressive solemnity of youth. Primarily it is a protest against the tame American novel, and a claim that the people of the United States are very independent in ideals and conduct, and very much themselves. Patience is a defiant portrait of a defiant woman. To the mere reader she is a conceited, bad-tempered, and vulgar person, a not unnatural product of a shocking bringing up. But her creator proudly shows her with the manhood of New York at her feet, paying her outrageously ill-bred compliments. The refreshing thing about Patience is her strong belief in the sanitary influence of brains, which have been rather underrated by heroines of her order in recent fiction. Mrs. Atherton, we are sure, is not her apologist. She likes her just so—defiant, rasping, grasping flattery and power—perhaps wishes she were worse. But seeing she is neither exemplary nor charming, a reader who cares more for general human nature than for any temporary phase of the American woman, will ask what is the good of her to him. Her career is spasmodically interesting. The society scenes we cannot accept as true to life, but her experience among the temperance women and the newspaper men are, at least, very lively. As a story, however, we own our real interest was first roused when Bourke, on his engine, was racing the New York express with the confession which was to save Patience from a criminal's death in the electrical chair. Altogether it is a book that interests us more in its writer than in itself. All the characters who have anything to say talk essays. By this means Mrs. Atherton has got rid of much matter weighing on her mind, and so, presumably, she will move along more swimmingly next time.

SECRETS OF THE COURTS OF EUROPE. By Allen Upward. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

Royalties have had a new terror added to their existence. Never safe from sensational whispers of scandal, the rumours of contemporaneous intrigues and misfortunes in high circles are now set down in print, skilfully embroidered, their significance expounded, their mystery guessed at or revealed, for the entertainment of the proletariat. How much truth and how much invention there may be in these tales we do not know, but we are sure Mr. Upward is too clever to let dull facts stand in the way of his amusing us. This newest variety of the detective story is dealt with here in the most daring and dexterous fashion, and the ex-Ambassador *raconteur* has all the grand manner of Sherlock Holmes; can we say more? And he has living crowned heads for his personages instead of mere vulgar criminals. So much for the entertainment, which is excellent. But where is the thing to stop? Are royal personages and statesmen more public property in these days than, let us say, men of letters and millionaires. The love-affairs and the intimate misfortunes of these, if related promptly enough, and with not too much disguise of names, and by a writer of skill and invention, would make a book of thrilling interest. Should such tales present them, on the whole, in an advantageous light, perhaps they might find libel acts a poor protection.

UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES. By Archie Armstrong. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

By the story it contains of intrigue, impersonation, and fraud, Mr. Armstrong's book belongs to a kind of fiction which has fallen low in our days. In "Under the Circumstances" the plot and the villain are very well managed, but it does not depend for interest on its melodrama alone. Perhaps it never rises out of what may austerely be called a commonplace level, but, within its limits, it is admirable; for the writer has liveliness and humour and a good-natured cynicism which is never distasteful. There are many excellent scenes in this vivacious story, and there is not one lifeless character. The proposal that came on the top of the narrowly-averted coach accident in St. James's Street, and as a consequence of the fateful words, "Unhook the near leader," can surely leave no one cold.

THE CAREER OF CLAUDIA. By F. M. Peard. 6s. (Bentley.)

The New Girl at the hottest period of her enthusiastic onslaught on the old ways of the world, and her infinite belief in her own powers, is a frequent object just now of the novelist's satire. Claudia, the landscape-gardener, was such a girl, but she was so inordinately self-sufficient and disagreeable that we are a trifle sceptical of her permanent conversion to good manners. However, Mrs. Peard seems to

have no doubt. The loving charity of novelists is boundless. The girl's career makes a lively story, which is brightly and briskly told. The old-fashioned people, the three old maids and Harry, none of whom Claudia could ever contrive to shock, are delightful and lovable people, whom it is a pleasure to keep company with.

IN THE BIGHT OF BENIN. By A. J. Dawson. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

MERE SENTIMENT. By A. J. Dawson. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

Mr. Dawson, if he be wise, will prefer his present reputation to rest on the former of these books. "Mere Sentiment" contains the good material which many and varied experiences in different countries have given their writer. But much of the result is tawdry from a literary point of view. "Her skin had the damp freshness of a custard apple that had been plucked soon after dawn. . . . Her figure was a poem of sensuousness, and, in its movement, lithe as a carpet-snake's." There is too much of this kind of thing in "Mere Sentiment," while "The Bight of Benin" is comparatively free from it. The scenes are laid in regions which have had a late unhappy notoriety. But from Miss Kingsley's delightful book of travels we gathered good reports of the traders, and it must have occurred to many that their adventurous lives could supply ample material for romance. Mr. Dawson's book appears as proof. The pathetic story of Rana, the treachery of Menuel, and that villain's remarkable qualities are effectively treated. How fortunes are made, how quarrels spring up, how peculiar are the relations between the white men and the natives, things of near interest to us just now, may be gathered more clearly than from the newspapers in Mr. Dawson's sketches.

PERFECTION CITY. By Mrs. Orpen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mrs. Orpen's story is as breezy as the prairies in the midst of which was set Perfection City, and a great deal less dreary than she would have us believe they are. An old subject of satire—the ways and walks of reformers who have found short cuts to the millennium—has here a very fresh and lively setting; and the dry, hard common-sense of the moral is softened and lightened by the kindliest sympathy and humour. The story of Olive, a young creature, bright as a flower, set down as a bride among the faddists of the communistic "city," a shrewd young rebel withal, a graceful, inconvertible heretic, and with the truest little heart in the world, wins our complete sympathy, and for her sake we feel kindly towards her slow and solemn Ezra. Madame Morozoff-Smith we have often met before; but, at least, she is a strong presentment of the woman who embraces a cause for the sake of a man, and would betray it, too, for him. "Will you hear the truth about Perfection City?" she says in her hour of confession. "Then listen. It is not an experiment in new principles, it is an example of the oldest the world has seen—of the folly of a fond woman. I founded Perfection City so that he might love the founder." She goes off the stage with a tragic gesture, but the others, their troubles over, pack up their goods very cheerfully for the City of Common Sense.

MARGOT. By Sidney Pickering. 6s. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

Mr. Pickering does wrong to a story with much exciting incident in it by an unusually dull opening. The art-student scenes in Paris are feeble and dreary, and give no hint of the fiery passions, the varied melodrama of the mid-career of Margot and the villain Kurt, or of all the travels and troubles by which the pathetic heroine comes to a happy haven at last. There is ingenuity in the plot; much energy is spent in leading us from one kind of scene to another, and there is a fairly interesting group of characters. But we advise Mr. Pickering to stick to melodrama. In a more normal atmosphere his powers are relaxed.

A SPOTLESS REPUTATION. By Dorothea Gerard. 6s. (Blackwood.)

This is a pitiful story. Made out of simple material, the essential features of the end can be guessed from the circumstances of the first few chapters, and it is to the writer's credit that our interest is kept up to the close, and in spite of the pettiness of the central figure. A young woman of great beauty, of thin, cold nature, and, we gather, of much dulness of mind, is taken from obscure surroundings into the great world of London and Vienna, where she is flattered to the skies. At first she is shocked and frightened by her reception, but she soon gains an appetite for fame and praise, and lures admirers to their doom, while she stands safe in her "spotless reputation" the fruit not of virtue but of her chilly blood. If you feel angry with her, you will be glad of her husband's plain speaking towards the close, and approve her awful end. You are more likely to extend an uninterested pity.

THE SORCERESS OF PARIS. By P. H. Ditchfield. (S. Low.)

We have here a very good story of the days of Richelieu, one very intimately connected, too, with the great Cardinal. We want no better material than the romance of the Count de Dunois and the gipsy maiden, who was, of course, no gipsy maiden at all. But Mr. Ditchfield's evil genius persuaded him to make an attempt to write the thing in archaic style. Then, after getting as far as phrases like "mine adventures," he grew tired, and lapsed into modern sentimentalism, so that we have the very absurd result of a chronicle purporting to be in the very words of a contemporary of Richelieu breaking out into the mention of "that land beyond the sea, where beyond these earthly voices there is peace!"

GLAMOUR. By Meta Orred. (Lane.)

There is a story flitting about the pages of this book, but it is very hard to catch, and we shirk the responsibility of bidding any one pursue it. Perhaps the writer thinks it vulgar to be coherent; perhaps she would have written her novel in exclamation points and question marks and dashes, had her publisher permitted, instead of in elliptical rhapsody. The hero is a young man called Maurice, who is very much affected by several things always written with capital letters—more especially Influence and Evil, and Unknown Sorrow — likewise by the ring of a wicked ancestress. Capital letters have a most depressing effect on him, and he is always very gloomy and very tried. There are other personages vaguely very good and very evil, and mostly absurd, and we are sure Allegory is stalking about, but we never can quite track her down, for the other characters are not a whit more substantial. We have honestly tried to get all the sense there is out of Miss Orred's blurred notes, and are quite willing to believe we should have been much impressed had she taken the trouble to make them into a written book.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ROMANTIC INDIA. Translated from the French of André Chevrillon by W. Marchant. (Heinemann.)

It was not the Romance of the country M. Chevrillon was most concerned with. Perhaps he gave his book this title to keep readers from expecting a mass of political and practical information. Ideas are what interest him most; though the picturesque and the beautiful in the ancient relics appeal to his sincere sense of art. He notes accidents and incidents by the way, but only as they seem significant, as they illustrate the theory of English rule, or reveal the strange complex Eastern mind which English rule has only modified, and that perhaps temporarily. He is one of the not too numerous Frenchmen who are kindly disposed to us. Our calmness, our honesty, our fresh energies he admires enormously, and he does not discount our success. But underneath the Western garment we have made India don, he feels the stirring of the old spirit, of a profounder mind than her Governors dream of; and when he hears a proud Englishman say, "Our duty is the education of India," he reflects on the strange task—"to make an Englishwoman of *her*—the old Asiatic queen!" While doing full justice to the intellectual progress made in certain directions under English influence, he knows that it was but a stimulus, and that the native thinkers are saying that under the extravagances of Hinduism is hidden a profound idea. "We aspire to be ourselves. . . . There is a reaction against the English theism which young Bengal, that is to say, the intellectual élite of India, had welcomed with too great enthusiasm. We feel that we have something of our own,

original and more profound." The observation of a thoughtful wanderer here set down must stimulate inquiry on matters of intimate interest to us. We should also say that Mr. Marchant has rendered the book into excellent English.

A COLLECTION OF BALLADS. Edited by Andrew Lang. Diamond Library. 1s. 6d., or 2s., or 4s. (Chapman.)

The selection is an excellent one. Not one of the less known ballads is here merely as a curiosity. The popular knowledge of such poetry is limited. Mr. Lang will widen it by the inclusion of brave songs like Mary Ambree ("When captaines courageous, whom death could not daunte") by "Hobbie Noble" and "The Elphin Nourrice." As the notes are not linguistic, there might have been a glossary. But the Introduction is a model of how some notion of the methods of the scientific investigation of literature may be given, in a few brief and clearly illustrated paragraphs, to the unlearned. The text has been selected from among the variants in the late Professor Child's collection, but Mr. Lang has no pedantic objection to made-up versions; he has striven rather to obtain those "which contain most poetry with most signs of uncontaminated originality." The volume is the first of what promises to be a delightful series.

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS. With a Specimen. By T. S. Omond. 1s. (Douglas.)

This is undoubtedly one of the best contributions to the study of the technique of English poetry we have seen in recent years. The essay is no recapitulation or mere examination of old theories. It is original and liberating. Starting from the assertion that the poet must precede the critic and grammarian—an obvious fact forgotten by nearly every body—it examines the successes in certain English metres, mainly hexameters, and tests the ordinary tests by these. The usual method is the reverse of this. Hexameters have been declared illegitimate in English. Mr. Omond answers that they exist and increase. They have been a slow growth. The Elizabethan experiments were unhappy, and later fatal theories have long hindered their development and acclimatication, and those of other metres as well. His main contention is, and it goes to the root of the matter, that "the true unit of English verse is not the *foot*, not even the *accent*, but simply a *period* of *time*." Critics will always be pedantic till they recognise that a worthy translation of a classical metre must be a very free one in accordance with the genius of our language, and that "redundant syllables and resolved caesuras and the rest must all take their place as legitimate variations on the one fundamental type of structure." Mr. Omond thinks, and his examples prove, that good hexameters are eminently possible in English, that it is a worthy ambition to "tune a new string to the harp of English verse." Then having done his best in this, he is content to leave the matter in the hands of the poets.

JEFFERIES' LAND. A History of Swindon and its Environs. By the late Richard Jefferies. Edited with Notes by Grace Toplis. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Here are Jefferies' prentice efforts. The book is made up of papers contributed to the *North Wilts Herald* in 1867. They were worth reprinting, because they have interest for two classes of people. Wiltshire folks should buy the book, for it is a good guide, especially on the historical side; not learned, wanting to be revised by an antiquarian, but interesting and intelligently planned. Then Jefferies enthusiasts need it to bring their collection nearer completeness. It has too little kinship with his best period to appeal very strongly to such as are not his admirers through thick and thin.

THE WATCH-SONG OF HEABANE THE WITNESS. (John Murray.)

"By what inspiration of unrest did I write, and urged by what folly do I now publish?" This question the anonymous poet of "The Watch-song" asks himself in the Preface; and he answers that his justification is the overmastering impulse to speech. Apparently he does not believe that "the spirit of the prophets is subject to the prophets." He believes also that the poetry of England has for the present suffered degeneration, and that someone should redeem it "lest the glory of our English verse should die away." So he chooses as his theme the antediluvian period, and in verse that is for the most part rhythmical and dignified gives us the "Epic of the Flood." The value of the poem is lessened by passages that border on the grotesque, and by its being set in a framework which almost necessitates the introduction of what is grotesque.

ERAS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Edited by John Fulton, D.D., LL.D. 1. The Age of Hildebrand, by Professor Vincent, D.D., of Union Theological Seminary. 2. The Age of the Great Western Schism, by Rev. Clinton Locke, D.D., Chicago. 3. The Age of the Crusaders, by J. M. Ludlow, D.D. (T. and T. Clark.)

Messrs. Clark discharge a very useful function as International Publishers. To them the majority of theological readers owe their acquaintance with the productions of German scholars. Much needs yet to be done in the way of mediating between the United States and this country so as to secure that the best literature of either side of the Atlantic shall be introduced to readers on the other side. In the series of books which Messrs. Clark now produce for home consumption, a laudable endeavour is made in this direction. The series was projected in the States, and it is written by American scholars, but the reproduction in this country is well advised and well accomplished, and deserves success. The three volumes already issued are written in an interesting style, and convey a large amount of information. They aim at presenting in a popular form the results of historical research in connection with the critical points of the history of the Church, and they are eminently successful. "The Great Western Schism" may not seem a particularly attractive theme, but Dr. Locke invests it with so much interest that it is no exaggeration to say that it is difficult to lay his volume down before it is finished. The volumes are not all equally accurate, but the series is one which eminently deserves popularity.

ENGLISH SURNAMES. Their Sources and Significations. By C. W. Bardsley. Fifth edition with a new Preface. 6s. (Chatto.)

Canon Bardsley's book is already a standard work. No other has treated the subject so systematically and so comprehensively. A complete etymological dictionary of English surnames it is not, of course. A reader running through the index in search of the names of all his kith and kin may find gaps, but if he read the generalisations, and take note of the numerous illustrative instances, he will be ready to continue the work on his own account. Most of us own surnames if we own nothing else. So the subject interests every one; it is the key to the remoter parts of our pedigree. It also stirs to controversy. The large field to be covered forbids lengthy proofs, but we should be glad to see clearer reasons for some assertions, why Raines is derived from Rennes, for instance. The danger of such non-explanatory information is not that it should be wrong, but that it should set our ignorant selves guessing wildly with no etymological basis for our theories.

THE GARDEN OF ROMANCE. Romantic Tales of All Time. Chosen and Edited by Ernest Rhys. 6s. (Kegan Paul)

The tale is a form where art has shown its best power of simple delight, where unquestioning romance has had its fairest opportunity. It is the food of fresh minds and the rest of tired ones. This is an anthology of tales. It should be judged by the excellence of what it includes, for no other person's anthology could coincide exactly with the one we make for ourselves and never print. Mr. Rhys has been very fastidious in his choice of ten. Each of the ten has an undeniable right to its place, and some of them we meet with a pleasurable surprise of their having attained to a distinction which popular fame has withheld from them. Hawthorne's "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" is chief among these. "The Story of the Lame Young Man" from the Arabian Nights, "Cymon and Ipigenia" from the Decameron, Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," and Cervantes's "Story of Marcella" are among the more expected treasures. The setting of the tales is worthy of them, and "The Garden of Romance" will be lingered in with delight by old and young.

THE CROSS BENEATH THE RING, and other Poems. By the late E. F. M. Benecke. (Sonnenschein.)

The author of "Antimachus of Colophon and the Position of Women in Greek Poetry," was a fine scholar too early lost. His friends, since his death, have gathered up the fragments of his learning and of his fancy, and so, after the

treatise, we are now given these verses. They are few in number, some of them trifling, and perhaps none very perfect in form. But they are so full of sincere feeling and of tenderness as to appeal far beyond such as can read the writer's actual personality into them. Here are a couple of stanzas to prove it.

"Fluttered a moth to a bright
Blazing lamp's banquet;
A hand put out the light.
Did the moth thank it?

Fate broke the poisoned bowl
Before I drank it;
Took him, and saved my soul.
Do I thank it?"

MARRIAGE QUESTIONS IN MODERN FICTION, and other Essays on Kindred Subjects. By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

These essays are by a woman who has thought out her words before she uttered them. There is, as a rule, very little thinking either in the orthodox or the heretical opinions on these subjects, and nowadays when heretical opinions are not very hardly dealt with, perhaps the hollowest nonsense is spoken on the revolutionary side. It can hardly be said that Mrs. Chapman has come to any new conclusions. She holds the old-fashioned views on such questions, but has found fresh modern sanctions for them. Because of her interest in and good will to modern developments, and especially to the advancement of women, she is on the side of order and restraint. Very likely she has become a little unnerved by Nordau's dark prognostications; and, for all her thinking, she has certainly not faced all the evils which she thinks should be borne by the individual for the good of the race. But her attitude is staunch, stalwart, and respectworthy. The most notable article is not the first, which is a rather tedious criticism of the woman-problem novel, but that on "Why we should Oppose Divorce." It is an amplification of the statement that the way to make marriage some day an ideal relation of life is to make it indissoluble, and to convert all men and women, Christian or Agnostic, to the belief that it is a sacrament.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

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[*See p. 20.*]
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[*See p. 18.*]
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